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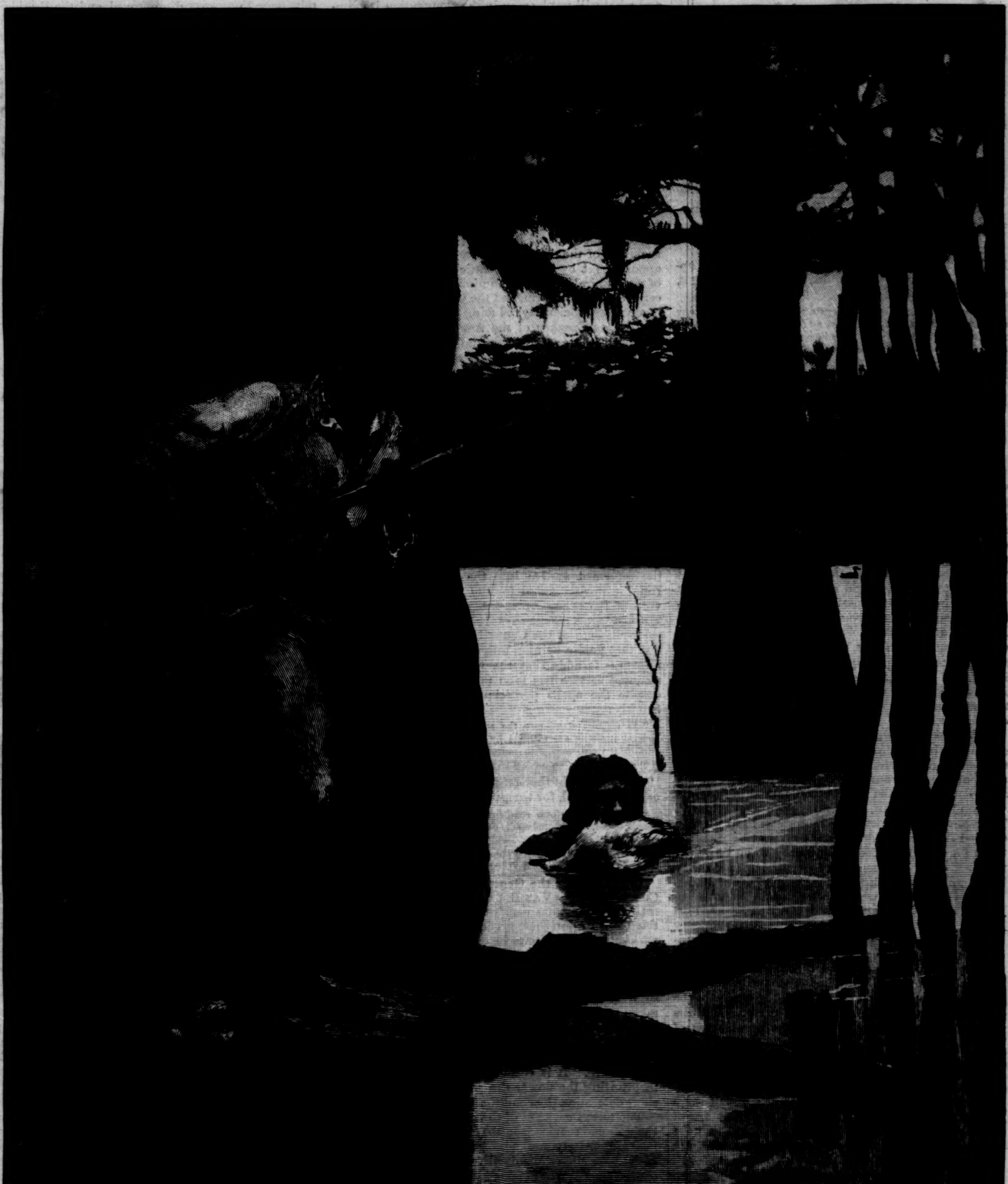

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CALMNESS AND DELIBERATION.

THE Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, evidently apprehensive of the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, says:

> "It is not the time for any delegate to commit himself to any candidate, and go about labelled as a 'BLAINE man,' a 'SHERMAN man,' a 'LINCOLN man,' or as the adherent of any personal standard. The one problem which the Republican party at Chicago should sit down calmly, dispassionately, and deliberately to solve is, Who is the very strongest man that we can nominate for carrying the States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, or who can poll more votes in those States in 1888 than were polled in 1884, when we failed to carry them?"

This is unquestionably a wise suggestion, but certainly it will not be heeded. Does the *Bulletin* recall any Convention which acted in that discreet manner? The theory of a Convention, indeed, is that of a body of delegates who meet to look over the ground and compare views, and finally to subordinate personal preferences for the evident common advantage. So the theory of the electoral colleges is that of electors who consider carefully for whom to cast their votes, and who, after an interchange of views, vote for the best available man. It is the theory, but it is not the practice, and it is conceded that if any elector should plant himself upon the plain constitutional intention, there would be a tempest of "Judas Iscariot!" and "Benedict Arnold!" from the entire press of the country. Long usage and common understanding have completely set aside the constitutional intent, and an elector would feel himself to be dishonored should he vote for any other candidate than the one nominated by the party for which he acts in casting his ballot.

Delegates to nominating Conventions are generally sent under instructions, or they are elected because of their declared preferences, which are in harmony with those of the Conventions that sent them. But the adherents of the chief candidates contend in the Convention for their man, not for the welfare of the party. They have been selected by those who have already decided that the party welfare requires the nomination of a certain candidate, and only when they fear that his chief opponent may be nominated do they break, and they break then for the purpose of defeating his rival. This was the situation in the Convention of 1880, when the friends of Mr. BLAINE, alarmed by the steadiness of the GRANT phalanx, suddenly cast their vote for GARFIELD. It was, of course, under the theory of the representative character of a Convention, a fair conclusion that the candidate who among the other candidates had much the larger number of votes was, next to their own, the choice of the Convention, and therefore of the party. But the BLAINE delegates were first for the nomination of their man, and second, for the defeat of GRANT. The asperities of a hot contest in a Convention are such that there cannot be deliberation and a careful comparison of probabilities. The Convention is dominated by the strongest factional spirit, and if there be not virtual unanimity, as in the renomination of Mr. LINCOLN in 1864 and of General GRANT in 1872, the result is reached by jealousies and bargains, not by calm, dispassionate, and deliberate consideration.

There is no doubt whatever that the Republican delegates will go to Chicago exactly in the way that the *Bulletin* deprecates, as BLAINE men and SHERMAN men and LINCOLN men and other men's men. If the BLAINE men are in the majority, they will at once nominate him. If some delegations are obliged to vote for favorite sons, but are really BLAINE men, as in the Convention of '84, they will cast their honorary votes and then hurry to BLAINE. If the BLAINE men, however, are not a majority, their disposition is well enough understood to make it pretty certain that the man who is least distasteful to them will be selected—that is to say, the man whom the BLAINE influence will most readily control. If Mr. BLAINE should not be nominated, the Convention would hardly select a candidate who is essentially a representative of the anti-BLAINE tendency and spirit in the party. Such a candidate would be very unacceptable to the BLAINE interest, and should he be set aside, the Convention would wish first of all to propitiate that interest, as, when General GRANT was defeated in the Convention of 1880, the first desire was to placate Mr. CONKLING in the selection of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. SHERMAN'S friends are very busy in Ohio, and they are busy for Mr. SHERMAN. That will be the course of all the friends of all the serious candidates, and what will not be seen in the Convention is calmness and dispassionateness and deliberation.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

SPOILS politicians would like to have it generally believed that, in their familiar phrase, "civil service reform is dead," because everything at which its friends aim is not done at the time and in the way that they might prefer. Ever since the movement began its opponents have announced occasionally, to keep up their own courage, that the humbug was now finally disposed of. But it still goes marching on. Its appeal has always been taken to the good sense and intelligence of the people, and its success is assured by the constantly wider popular understanding and approval of its principles. Among recent incidents of the movement of reform we observe the appointment by the Democratic Mayor of Brooklyn of an admirable local Commission, composed of sincere friends of reform, and the Commission has been made more efficient by reducing its numbers. Mayor CHAPIN, as Speaker of the Assembly, strongly supported the State reform law, and probably secured its passage. There is no question of his good action in the appointment of the new Commission. In Buffalo, as we stated last week, the demand of a large body of leading and influential citizens that the principles of the reformed system shall be applied to the selection of teachers in the public schools is a very significant acknowledgment of its practical value. This is an effort which will be watched with great interest, because there is no more outrageous public abuse than the selection of such teachers by politicians for political and personal reasons. The degradation of the schools by the politicians concerns the whole community.

In Chicago the Aldermen recently decided, by a vote of 21 to 7 of the members present, to introduce the reformed system into the city administration. But the project failed for the want of a two-thirds vote of the thirty-six members of the whole body. The Chicago *Tribune* says that there is no doubt that the sentiment of the Council is decidedly favorable, and that public opinion unquestionably approves the reform. It adds that the reformed system in the national service has been productive of much good, despite the spoils politicians. The *Tribune* says, frankly:

> "As matters stand now the subordinate departments at the Federal Building are manned by fairly capable and moderately intelligent young men, if they are Democrats. Any complaint that is made concerns officials not subject to civil service rules."

It does not doubt that reform rules of some kind will be soon adopted, for the principle is approved:

> "Civil service reform conquered to a certain extent even the time-honored, rock-rooted spoils prejudices of the Bourbons. They have at least affected to carry out its principles, and that is a concession. With only seven Aldermen out of thirty-six opposed to the reform in Chicago, it is bound to win."

In New York the General Term of the Supreme Court, by Judges VAN BRUNT and BRADY, Judge DANIELS dissenting, has decided that an officer to whom the Constitution has given the appointing power without reserve cannot be controlled in the exercise of the power by subsequent legislation. This decision would seem to dispense with the law providing preference for veterans. Judge DANIELS differs absolutely from his colleagues, and the question will be taken to the Court of Appeals. If the General Term should be sustained, it would be necessary hereafter to make such constitutional grants of the power of appointment subject to conditions imposed by the Legislature. It is certainly a sound principle that in granting the power the people in the Legislature shall determine the conditions of its exercise.

The recent revision of the rules and regulations in the national service is in the interest of greater clearness and orderly method. The rules are strengthened by prescribing dismissal for certain offences, especially official interference in elections and soliciting or receiving political contributions. Political interference of any kind with examinations is also prevented by the rules. The limitation of the entering age to forty-five years is abolished. The list of eligibles to be presented for selection is reduced from four to three, and the minimum grade in examinations is raised from 65 to 70. Soldiers and sailors are amply secured their legal preferences. Compulsory examinations for promotion are required, from which soldiers and sailors are exempted by permission to remain in their grade. The scope of the rules is somewhat extended to include in the departments at Washington certain employés hitherto not within the classified service. A questionable change is the permission for appointing officers to object to all eligibles certified, and with the approval of the Commission to ask the certification of new names. We see no good reason for such a rule, and we have not heard it suggested as the result of experience. It is stated in a letter from Washington that a rule was submitted to the President requiring the filing of reasons for removal as a part of the records of the office. This is a provision which is strongly favored by the Reform League, and it is stated to have been approved by Commissioners OBERLY and LYMAN. But Commissioner EDGERTON disapproved, and the President, according to the report, sustained him by rejecting the rule. This is to be regretted for the same reason as the refusal of the Senate to act upon nominations in open session. In both cases secrecy is at once an incentive and a cover for abuse. Nothing would do more to prevent improper removals than a requirement to state the reasons for them. It is evident that the question of reform has taken hold of the public mind, and it is not a movement which goes backward. The passions of the "Presidential year" naturally tend to obscure it. But it has done very much to foster and develop independent action in politics, and with independent voters it is a most important consideration.

THE COPYRIGHT MOVEMENT.

THERE has never been so general and resolute a movement for international copyright, among all the interests involved, as now. Practical action has been hitherto baffled by the remark that when publishers and authors were agreed upon what they wish, something might be done. Authors and publishers are now agreed—and we use the word "publishers" as comprehending both the manufacture and the distribution of books. The co-operation of all the interests is both intelligent and energetic, and difficulties have been removed with great tact and good temper. In Boston an International Copyright Association has been recently formed, which is in communication with the American Copyright League of authors and the Publishers' Copyright League, and the general grounds of the present effort are well stated in a circular of the executive committee of the Publishers' League. This address rests the movement upon five considerations: relief of American authors from the competition of the unpaid work of foreign writers; security to foreign authors of a due compensation; securing to American readers foreign works which in the present situation are not republished in this country, with the assurance that the interest of American publishers will provide cheap books; a more satisfactory and remunerative basis for the American book trade; and a just and wise national policy.

The popular feeling upon the subject we believe to be much more reasonable than is generally supposed. The English demand of fair play is also a peculiarly American requirement. The American prefers to procure his property honestly, and if he sees that a man is wronged by him, his impulse is to correct the wrong. The copyright question has never been brought fully and fairly to public attention, because of the nervous apprehension of the members of Congress that international copyright is equivalent to dear books, and that the people will have cheap books. Undoubtedly they will have cheap books, but it is a great injustice to assume that they will insist upon cheap books "anyhow." The foreign author is a workman, like the American reader, and the reader will not, in our opinion, consciously and purposely wrong the writer. He recognizes his debt to the writer, and he does not believe that his debt is paid by somebody else, or that he is not fairly bound to account to the author for the use of his work. This is a kind of argument which, we believe, is peculiarly adapted to Americans, and members of Congress are in danger of underestimating the intelligence and morality of their constituents.

The CHACE bill, which is designed especially to guard the interests of the industries engaged in the making of books, had some provisions, as originally drawn, which were of questionable advantage. The absolute prohibition of the importation of any copies of a foreign book which is copyrighted here would be injudicious, because it would at once, and wholly without necessity, arouse the very positive opposition of a very important although not numerous class. The number of persons who wish to have foreign copies is small, but their feeling is strong, and they could be gratified without injury to the objects sought by the bill. This is a modification of the CHACE bill which has been proposed, and which is very reasonable. A few such changes would not affect the general principle and purpose of the bill, which must be necessarily a concession and compromise. The main principle of the bill is manufacture in this country, a provision which relieves the apprehension that the American manufacturing interest would suffer from international copyright. This is of course a concession of the authors' interest, but the condition of the common advantage is, as we say, a common yielding. Recrimination and jealousies of every kind are wisely suspended. The present object is to find a sensible and practicable beginning of an international copyright system, and the auspices happily are most propitious.

THE OUTRAGE AT JACKSON.

The statement of Mayor McGill, of Jackson, Mississippi, may be taken as a fair account of the facts in regard to the late election in that city. Mr. McGill has lived for forty-two of his forty-nine years in Jackson. He was a Confederate soldier through the war, and "when the surrender took place," he says, "I also surrendered." He was first elected Mayor in 1874, and was re-elected annually until this year, and the facts which he mentions about the reduction of the rate of taxation for general improvement under his administration are exceedingly creditable. Mr. McGill is a Republican. Of the six aldermen, five have been white Democrats and one a colored Republican. Of the other five chief city officers, three were white Democrats, and one a white and one a colored Republican. Of the six members of the police force, four were white Democrats and two colored Republicans. This was certainly not a "negro-ridden" government. On Christmas Eve, during a mêlée, a young white man was killed by a colored man, who was in turn immediately killed. This occurrence led to a bitter attack upon Mayor McGill and his administration, and to an inflammatory appeal to race prejudice. An anonymous circular in the old Ku-Klux vein was issued, professedly from the young white men of Jackson, denouncing the city government as the rule of negro butchers, and warning the colored citizens not to attempt to run for office at the pending election, nor by their votes to foist upon the city again "the black and damnable machine miscalled a government."

The colored citizens thereupon resolved not to attempt to take any part in the election—a determination which, the Mayor thinks, alone prevented riot and bloodshed. Such an incident, as we said, so far as appears, and upon the statement of the Mayor, is due to the old Ku-Klux spirit. It is the suppression of a vote by mysterious, and therefore more effective, terrorism. It is an incident, like the cheating at the polls in Cincinnati and Indianapolis, like the old Tweed frauds in the New York elections, and the Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana, greatly to be deplored by all good citizens, and to be corrected as summarily and effectively as possible. But it is not an offence to be distorted in the account, and attributed to a whole community. The Democratic *Daily Advertiser*, published in Jackson, at once denounced the outrage, and Judge Wharton called the attention of the Grand Jury to the statements. This was not reassuring, as the Judge is said to have opposed bitterly the exercise of their rights by colored citizens, and the jury rather rebuked the *Advertiser*, and declared that, with the exception of the circular, they knew of no intimidation. The Democratic journal was not abashed, however, and reiterated its statements. Meanwhile the subject had been called to the attention of the President, and hearing that Mr. Harris, the United States District Attorney of Mississippi, had been implicated in the transaction, the President summoned him to Washington. His explanation was unsatisfactory, and he was removed. The interview is said to have been warm, and the President to have declared that such proceedings would not be tolerated.

The special committee of the Senate to investigate the facts will, we hope, proceed without delay. But the action of the President is very significant, and the course of the *Daily Advertiser* shows that the outrage cannot be turned wholly to party account. The purpose of the inquiry is undoubtedly to furnish "campaign material." But the wrong is of a kind which is to be corrected by just such local opinion as that which the *Advertiser* represents, and by such vigorous and unmistakable conduct as that of the President. The protest of the *Advertiser*, and the removal of the attorney, and the universal attention drawn to one such incident of a kind which is now infrequent, show the great advance since the days of the Ku-Klux. The gradual change of public opinion wrought by many influences, and not force bills and similar legislation, is the remedy for such wrongs. If the committee should recommend stringent legislation of the kind contemplated by the Chandler resolution, the best judgment of the country, as it seems to us, would not sustain them.

THE NEW YORK CAPITOL.

It is a disgrace to the State of New York, although it may not be easy to allot justly the responsibility, that after erecting a Capitol at a greater cost than any other building in the country, the stone ceiling of one of its chief rooms should be in such immediate danger of falling that the room must be abandoned. Nor is this done without a grave apprehension that other parts of the building may be destroyed by the same cause. Indeed it is evident that if the stone arch of the Assembly Chamber should fall, confidence in the whole structure would be shaken, and a panic would at once seize every department of the government which is lodged in the Capitol.

The report of the experts is a startling document, and the Assembly would be hardly justified in disregarding it. When accomplished engineers and architects state that they felt themselves to be in such peril while they were conducting the investigation that they were very glad to escape, proper deliberation upon public questions is not to be expected from the most deliberative assembly sitting under such a roof. It is, of course, absurd that the State has spent some fifteen or sixteen millions of dollars upon the Capitol without securing for the Assembly Chamber a roof which will stay in its place.

The reason is, in large part, that as a public work it has not been regarded or treated with the common-sense that usually characterizes private work. We do not hear that any part of the Equitable Insurance building, which is one of the most costly and splendid in the city, is in danger of tumbling down. There has been no politics in the work upon the Equitable, and politics explains much of the enormous cost and the unsatisfactory result of the Capitol. Even now, notwithstanding the plain and peremptory character of the expert report, politics interposes doubts and suspicions, and before the report, one of the Assemblymen, doubtless persuaded that the talk about the infirm vault concealed some huge "job" or "deal," moved to lay the whole subject upon the table. It will be comical to see the Assembly fleeing from a chamber for which all the resources of intelligence and skill and art and unstinted money could not provide a stable roof. But it ought also to be very instructive both to the Legislature and the people.

GOVERNOR ANDREW.

One of the stanchest and strongest of original Republicans is John M. Forbes, of Massachusetts. He was the trusted counsellor and most efficient supporter during the war of Governor Andrew, and for a long time he was the Massachusetts member of the National Republican Committee. In 1872 he strove earnestly to prevent the departure of Charles Sumner from the Republican ranks, as he had warmly opposed Governor Andrew's views of reconstruction. But in 1884 Mr. Forbes was unable to support Mr. Blaine, and the course of no man was more significant and important than his.

At a late meeting of the Massachusetts Club, Governor Andrew was the theme of the evening, and Mr. Forbes, unable to attend, sent an exceedingly interesting letter, of which we print the conclusion. It is well worthy the attention of those who hope that the Republican party may be recalled to its original spirit and its old sympathy with the best and most patriotic feeling of the time.

Mr. Forbes says of Governor Andrew:

> "What was perhaps the most notable event of his official life has been too soon forgotten—that after having been the strongest advocate of using every weapon to put down the rebellion, he in his valedictory address took the ground that in reconstruction we were bound to forget and to forgive, and that the education, intelligence, and brains of that portion of the Southern people which had led them out ought to be used to bring them back again. Many of us, myself among the number, received this far-sighted advice with coolness or opposition, but the history of reconstruction now seems to prove conclusively that his views were statesman-like and prophetic. After trying first military rule, and then the effect of Federal patronage to bolster up carpet-bag misrule at the South, without in any degree ameliorating the disordered state of things there, we are now finding that prosperity and good government are returning under the lead of the reconstructed rebels. Of course there are exceptions, which we must hope will become more and more rare; but while seeking the best methods of government everywhere, I cannot but think our legislators ought to accept Governor Andrew's valedictory as a legacy to be carefully studied and treasured up, coming as it did from one of the most advanced radicals of the time, whose sincerity and intelligence no one doubts. It was in advance of public opinion, and did not at the time have the weight it deserved, but, in my judgment, it will stand in the future alongside of the farewell address of General Washington."

IRELAND AGAIN.

The reassembly of the British Parliament reopens the Irish debate. It is always going on, but more quietly during the holiday vacation. The recent striking incidents are the visits of Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, and of Lord Ripon and Mr. Morley, to Dublin, and the steady enforcement of the law by Secretary Balfour. He is pursuing inflexibly the policy announced by Lord Salisbury of compelling obedience to the law, and he is doing it with a gay and almost jaunty air, which is always captivating to the English mind as the demeanor of true courage.

In Ireland, under all the circumstances, the most striking fact is the absence of serious crimes. The disorder lies chiefly in disregard of the law concerning public meetings. There is also, for the first time in the long Irish agitation, a hearty and convinced, not perfunctory, participation of eminent Englishmen and members of Parliament. This, as Mr. Morley said in Dublin, tends to overthrow the old barriers of separation, arising from English ignorance, indifference, and incredulity, and to bring the two people into real union. This actual union assures the friendly co-operation of a local Irish Legislature, and with every day and demonstration which confirms it, the spectre of separation fades away.

The reception of Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen was an imposing demonstration of the Irish interest which opposes home rule. But it lacked the essentially popular character of the greeting to Lord Ripon and Mr. Morley. It was not possible to feel behind it the great body of the Irish people and the characteristic force of the national sentiment. Perhaps when Parliament enters upon the discussion it may appear that the government has some policy to propose for the pacification of Ireland other than the enforcement of the coercion act. The present situation is plainly not a permanent one. Mr. Gladstone returns refreshed from his Italian recreation, and his party are evidently cheerful and confident that the stars fight for them.

A MONUMENT OF AMERICAN HEROISM.

In his speech at Nashville last March Senator Sherman said, "The war is over, thank God; but the courage, devotion, and fortitude of both sides remain the common pride and heritage of us all." These words have been very properly selected by the surviving members of the Philadelphia Brigade, and Cowan's First New York Battery, and of the Confederate Pickett's Division, as an association which has decided to undertake to build a monument near the "Bloody Angle," on the field of Gettysburg, where Pickett's heroic and historic charge was repelled, after a loss of 3300 killed, wounded, and missing of its 4700 men.

Last summer there was a large assembly at Gettysburg of the men of the Blue and Gray who took part in the attack and repulse. They met as friends and American citizens and patriots, as all men who comprehend the spirit of the bravest soldiers on both sides now meet, and they unanimously resolved to commemorate upon that decisive field the quality which Gettysburg and every other battle-field of the war illustrated—American heroism. Happily they did not resolve to persist in arousing the passions and prejudices of another day, nor to revive in every exasperating way epithets and incidents and memories which belong to the past and not to the present, the revival of which is sought for no patriotic or generous or humane purpose.

An organization was effected from members of the three bodies engaged. Union and Confederate soldiers are associated in the commemorative work, and at the head of the honorary members are General Sherman and General Johnston. It is a movement which signally illustrates not only the enlightened spirit of this age, but of this country. It may be almost said that the disastrous effects of the Thirty Years' War, which ended nearly two and a half centuries ago, are still to be seen in Germany. But at the end of twenty-five years every unhappy trace of our desperate civil war is fast vanishing, and an American's pride in his country was never so much justified as to-day, not only in the security of a free Union, but in the rapid disappearance of the feelings which produced the struggle.

PERSONAL.

Oliver Wendell Holmes mourns the death of his wife, for half a century his helpmeet. Mrs. Holmes was the daughter of Judge Charles Jackson, who away back seventy-five years ago was on the Supreme Court Bench of Massachusetts. Hers was a life full of good works.

—Little Josef Hofmann, musical phenomenon, has been received at the White House.

—Recorder Smyth has opened himself to dreadful suspicions from the rest of the bench and the bar of New York. He had the hardihood while trying a case the other day to ask for an explanation of phrases used in the seductive game ycleped poker. "I have never in my life seen a game of poker played," he said.

—Stephen J. Meany, journalist and Irish agitator, one of the familiar figures of the New York Press Club, died up in Connecticut last week, where in his old age—he had passed his seventieth birthday—he had undertaken the task of establishing a new newspaper. He was a dozen years ago the close political friend and adviser of John Kelly, Tammany's chief; but that of which the old man was proudest was the fact that while yet a printer's lad in County Clare he attracted the attention of Daniel O'Connell, who made him forthwith of consequence in Irish journalism.

—Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, claims pre-eminence in Congress on one account at least. He is the only man at the capital who has stood up in two duels. And he is deporting himself in the Senate just now as though he wouldn't be averse to one or two more.

—General Sherman celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday last week.

—General Benjamin Butler, cultivating Jeffersonian simplicity anew, has abandoned the jaunty bunch of flowers that aforetime was always to be seen pinned at his button-hole.

—Few of the courageous fellows who earned laurels as war correspondents at the front with the Blue or the Gray twenty-five years or so ago, pioneers of American newspaper enterprise, are with us still. The latest to drop out of the ranks is J. E. P. Doyle, who did brave work for Western and Northern papers the whole conflict through.

—Gladstone's friends aver that the Grand Old Man was never in better health than he is just now, and he himself promises that "Parliament shall be kept awake for many a day yet."

—At Baltimore and in some other Southern communities Sidney Lanier's memory is kept green by celebrations on his birthday. There was a poet whom all Dixie loved, and whose admirers at the North were legion. At the recent celebration in Baltimore tributes to his memory were read from letters of Edmund C. Stedman and James Russell Lowell.

—Chicago justice having disposed of anarchists and bombs, lo! yet another menace is in the rich man's path. Now it is the coroner's jury that goeth about loaded. John Weisser, of Ohara, Pennsylvania, worked hard for sixty years, and accumulated a fortune of $100,000. Then he made a will, and last week he died, suspected of suicide, whereupon the Ohara coroner and his jury, sitting in council, vote that his mind must have been impaired, he had so much money to bother him.

—A. J. H. Way, celebrated on two continents as a painter of still-life, is one of the latest victims to pneumonia. He was sixty-two years old, and a worker to the day of his death.

—Cardinal Simeoni has been instructed by the Pope to impress upon the people of Ireland that they must commingle prudence with their politics and respect the laws.

—The Boston's Young Men's Christian Association, establishing a library, invited George W. Cable to deliver a lecture in behalf of the enterprise. No tickets were sold. Admission was given to anybody who brought a book for the library. The scheme made a happy hit; a good many library shelves were filled.

—And rude mugwumpery shows itself even up in Canada. Sir Adolphe Caron, the Dominion Minister of Militia, lately elected to Parliament from the county of Quebec, is accused of buying votes by irreconcilables who think such things are wrong. If the charge is established, Sir Adolphe cannot hold an office for seven years.

—Emanuel Lehman, one of the cotton kings of the country, who, with his brother Mayer Lehman, has extensive investments in the South, owning several cotton-mills and more than a score of plantations, is just home from a trip through Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana. As an interested business man, he had the chance to view Southern conditions closely, and he sums up the results of his observations in this wise: "Reconstruction is a word with a new meaning below Mason and Dixon's line. There is a 'reconstruction' now that the people welcome and are proud of—a 'reconstruction' with no politics in it, a 'reconstruction' on a business basis. Everywhere I have found prosperity and thrift—and patriotism."

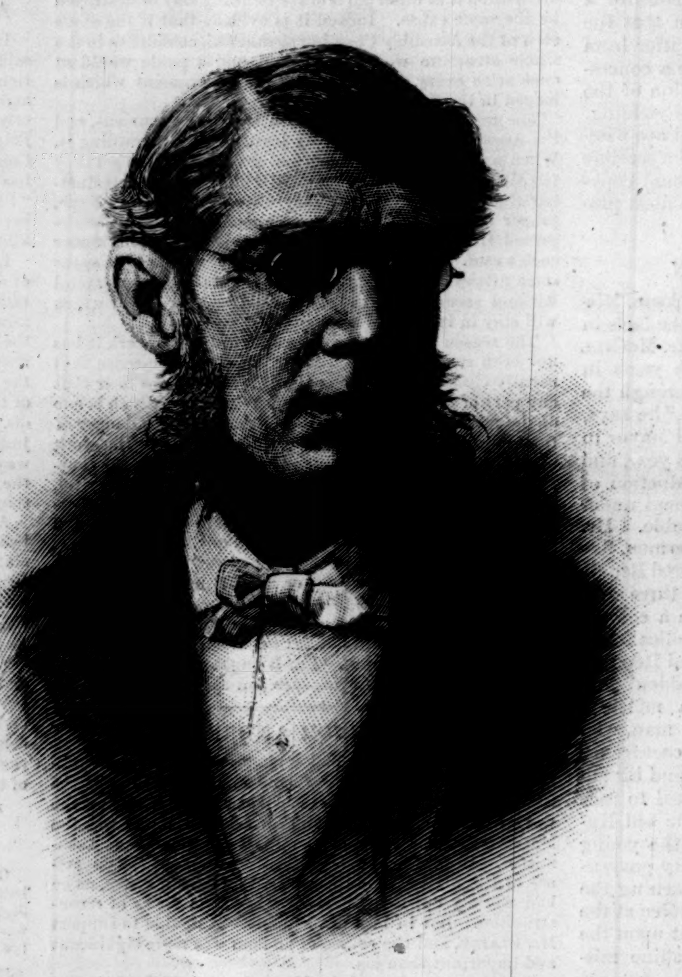
PRINCETON'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Francis Landey Patton was born on the Bermuda Islands, near the old Warwick Presbyterian Church, in which he received his earliest religious impressions, January 22, 1843. He inherited and still owns the ancestral home, and occasionally visits it, especially in the summer season, when free from the public duties of his professorship. About the time of the opening of the civil war in the United States the Patton family removed from Bermuda to Canada, and settled in Toronto. Here Francis L. entered upon a course of study, having the ministry in the Presbyterian Church in view. He passed through Knox Seminary, and then came to Princeton, New Jersey, entering the theological seminary there in 1863, and graduating thence in 1865.

He at once settled over the Forty-eighth Street Presbyterian Church, New York, as pastor, receiving ordination therefor from the hands of the Presbytery of New York. Here he remained until 1867, when he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Nyack, Rockland County, New York. This position he held until 1871, when he received a call to be pastor of the South Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. About this time, however, he was elected to the Professorship of Didactic and Polemical Theology in the Seminary of the Presbyterian Church of the Northwest, at Chicago, and he removed to this great centre. This post he filled through ten years, at the same time doing a vast amount of preaching, writing, and other work. For three years, between 1873 and 1876, he edited the *Interior*, and for seven years, between 1874 and 1881, he was full pastor of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, having been previously for some time pastor-elect. It was during this period that Professor Swing, a brilliant preacher of the Church, developed his divergences of doctrine, and was prosecuted by the Presbytery of Chicago for heresies. Dr. Patton became one of his chief prosecutors, and was thereby thrust prominently before the public of Chicago, the West, and indeed the whole country. He achieved a triumph for orthodoxy in the Presbyterian Church. In 1878, and largely occasioned by his course in this trial, he was chosen to fill the honorable position of Moderator of the General Assembly, which met that year at Pittsburgh.

In 1881 he came back to Princeton, New Jersey, having been elected to the chair of Stuart Professor of "The Relation of Philosophy and Science to the Christian Religion," a position to-day, and ever since, held by him. This has given him large advancement as being a member of the faculty of the oldest, largest, and best equipped of the seminaries of his Church. It was with reluctance Chicago parted with him. Princeton received him with open arms. While in Nyack, he prepared a small treatise on the *Inspiration of Scripture*, which was published. This, with a summary of Christian doctrine since produced, has augmented his reputation, and contributed materially to his promotion. In the line of published books he is hardly prominent before the public. Capacity, however, is in him in this direction, as the above two books, and numerous review articles, pamphlets, and other brief publications, show. While repose might have been taken by Dr. Patton in Princeton, he has not used his chance. He is a very hard-working man. In addition to his professorship in the seminary, which is chief, he holds a professorship in the College of New Jersey. He is one of the editors of the *Presbyterian Review*, and frequently writes for its pages, and for other similar publications. He is in constant demand also for the pulpit, and is a popular lecturer on philosophic subjects at summer schools, and a general platform speaker.

The doctor is a thin, slender man of medium height. His mind is legal and logical. In a public address in Princeton a few years ago, Dr. McCosh characterized him as "the greatest metaphysician on earth." He is versatile in attainments, and a ready talker. His extemporaneous discourse, in which he indulges more generally than in written, is full of thought, clearly, beautifully, strongly expressed, always instructive and interesting. In 1872 Dr Patton received from Hanover College, Indiana, the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and that of Doctor of Laws in 1878 from Wooster University, Ohio.



DR. FRANCIS LANDEY PATTON, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

THE STEAMBURG RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A serious accident occurred on Sunday morning, 5th inst., on the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Railroad, at the little village of Steamburg, New York.

According to the most reliable account, the accident happened about 8.30 A.M. It was the morning train, No. 8, and was bound east. Generally regarded as the fastest train on the road, she was running at the rate of forty miles an hour. She was, it appears, half an hour late, and was moving with even more than ordinary rapidity, so as to recover lost ground.

The train had reached Steamburg in safety. Here there is a siding, with a switch. On this siding a freight train had shortly before taken position, having been run off the main line for the purpose of allowing the express to pass. When the express train, No. 8, came up, the entire crew of the freight train, believing themselves to be out of harm's way, were sitting contentedly in the caboose partaking, of their morning meal. The express train consisted of baggage-cars, smoker, with day or ladies' coach, and Pullman car in the rear. Danger was as little apprehended by the passengers and officials on board the flying express as by the crew on board the halting freight train, eating breakfast in the caboose.

There was a crash, and with it, unhappily, there was destruction, suffering, and death. The locomotive, tender, baggage-car, and smoker having passed the switch, were safe on the main line, but the ladies' car, followed by the Pullman, having left the track, had plunged into the caboose. The sides were completely torn from both coach and caboose. Of the three men in the caboose, Conductor Ellis had his head crushed in, and died shortly afterward; Brakeman James Deane was instantly killed; while Brakeman H. Schaeffer escaped comparatively uninjured. In the coach there were some ten or twelve persons. One young lady, Miss Hattie Abbott, aged seventeen, from Sheffield, Illinois, on her way to Boston with some friends, died almost immediately from her injuries; while several others, male and female, were injured more or less severely; among them, Mrs. Batty and Miss Batty, aunt and cousin of Miss Abbott; William McNeil, chief-engineer of the Edison United Manufacturing Company, of Covington, Kentucky; and Mr. Kimball, of Bradford, Pennsylvania. No injury befell those who happened to be in the Pullman car, and the conductor and all the trainmen on the express were unhurt.

It is not until the terrible work is done in such cases that the cause is known. The explanation in this case is intelligible enough. At the point where the siding runs off from the main line the engine of the express struck and broke the frog. The broken rail was found some eighty-five feet from the track. Such, however, was the momentum of the train that, in spite of the break and the consequent resistance, the locomotive, tender, baggage-car, and smoker all got safely over the damaged part, and advanced on the main line. The day coach, or ladies' car, was less fortunate. When it struck the broken frog it was tossed from the rails, and carrying with it the Pullman car, plunged into the caboose, as above stated. The scene of the accident, as presented by our artist, is very striking, and it has the advantage, not common in such cases, of being the work of one who witnessed the disaster.

It does not appear that culpability attaches to any one. The broken rail has been discovered to be quite new, and about five minutes before, the switch and frog were found to be all right. It is to be regretted, however, that such disastrous accidents do occur from precisely such causes, and it is a question worthy of serious consideration whether, in approaching such sidings, it would not be well to diminish the speed of fast trains. Legislation on the subject might be a gain to the travelling public.

INTERIOR OF A PASSENGER-CAR AT THE MOMENT OF THE COLLISION NEAR STEAMBURG, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Otto Stark.

A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAVERN OF THE DEAD.

On going forth into the outer grotto I saw the table spread with a sumptuous repast, and the apartment in a blaze of light. Almah was not here; and though some servants made signs for me to eat, yet I could not until I should see whether she was coming or not. I had to wait for a long time, however; and while I was waiting the chief entered, shading his eyes with his hand from the painful light. He bowed low with the most profound courtesy, saying "Salonla," to which I responded in the same way. He seemed much pleased at this, and made a few remarks, which I did not understand; whereupon, anxious to lose no time in learning the language, I repeated to him all the words I knew, and asked after others. I pointed to him and asked his name. He said "Kohen." This, however, I afterward found was not a name, but a title. The "Kohen" did not remain long, for the light was painful. After his departure I was alone for some time, and at length Almah made her appearance. I sprang to meet her, full of joy, and took her hand in both of mine and pressed it warmly. She smiled, and appeared quite free from the melancholy of the previous day.

We ate our breakfast together, after which we went out into the world of light, groping our way along through the dark passages amid the busy crowd. Almah could see better than I in the darkness; but she was far from seeing well, and did not move with that easy step and perfect certainty which all the others showed. Like me, she was a child of light, and the darkness was distressing to her. As we went on we were seen by all, but were apparently not considered prisoners. On the contrary, all looked at us with the deepest respect, and bowed low or moved aside, and occasionally made little offerings of fruit or flowers to one or the other of us. It seemed to me that we were treated with equal distinction; and if Almah was their queen, I, their guest, was regarded with equal honor. Whatever her rank might be, however, she was to all appearance the absolute mistress of her own actions, and moved about among all these people with the independence and dignity of some personage of exalted rank.

"SHE TOOK OFF THE OLD WREATH AND PUT ON A FRESH ONE."

At length we emerged into the open air. Here the contrast to the cavern gloom inside gave to the outer world unusual brightness and splendor, so that even under the heavy overarching tree-ferns, which had seemed so dark when I was here before, it now appeared light and cheerful. Almah turned to the right, and we walked along the terrace. But few people were visible. They shrank from the light, and kept themselves in the caverns. Then after a few steps we came to the base of a tall half-pyramid, the summit of which was above the tops of the trees. I pointed to this, as though I wished to go up. Almah hesitated for a moment, and seemed to shrink back, but at length, overcoming her reluctance, began the ascent. A flight of stone steps led up. On reaching the top, I found it about thirty feet long by fifteen wide, with a high stone table in the middle. At that moment, however, I scarce noticed the pyramid summit, and I only describe it now because I was fated before long to see it with different feelings. What I then noticed was the vast and wondrous display of all the glories of nature that burst at once upon my view. There was that same boundless sea, rising up high toward the horizon, as I had seen it before, and suggesting infinite extent. There were the blue waters breaking into foam, the ships traversing the deep, the far-encircling shores green in vegetation, the high rampart of ice-bound mountains that shut in the land, making it a world by itself. There was the sun, low on the horizon, which it traversed on its long orbit, lighting up all these scenes till the six months' day should end and the six months' night begin.

For a long time I stood feasting my eyes upon all this splendor, and at length turned to see whether Almah shared my feelings. One look was enough. She stood absorbed in the scene, as though she was drinking in deep draughts of all this matchless beauty. I felt amazed at this, I saw how different she seemed from the others, and could not account for it. But as yet I knew too little of the language to question her, and could only hope for a future explanation when I had learned more.

We descended at length and walked along the terrace and up and down the side streets. All were the same as I had noticed before—terraced streets, with caverns on one side and massive stone structures on the other. I saw deep channels, which were used as drains to carry down mountain torrents. I did not see all at this first walk, but I inspected the whole city in many subsequent walks until its outlines were all familiar. I found it about a mile long and about half a mile wide, constructed in a series of terraces, which rose one above another in a hollow of the mountains round a harbor of the sea. On my walks I met with but few people on the streets, and they all seemed troubled with the light. I saw also occasionally some more of those great birds, the name of which I learned from Almah; it was "opkuk."

For some time my life went on most delightfully. I found myself surrounded with every comfort and luxury. Almah was my constant associate, and all around regarded us with the profoundest respect. The people were the mildest, most gentle, and most generous that I had ever seen. The Kohen seemed to pass most of his time in making new contrivances for my happiness. This strange people, in their dealings with me and with one another, seemed animated by a universal desire to do kindly acts; and the only possible objection against them was their singular love of darkness.

My freedom was absolute. No one watched me. Almah and I could go where we chose. So far as I could perceive, we were quite at liberty, if we wished, to take a boat and escape over the sea. It seemed also quite likely that if we had ordered out a galley and a gang of oarsmen, we should have been supplied with all that we might want in the most cheerful manner. Such a thought, however, was absurd. Flight! Why should I think of flying?

I had long ago lost all idea of time; and here, where it was for the present perpetual day, I was more at a loss than ever. I supposed that it was somewhere in the month of March, but whether at the beginning or the end I could not tell. The people had a regular system of wake-time and sleep-time, by which they ordered their lives; but whether these respective times were longer or shorter than the days and nights at home I could not tell at that time, though I afterward learned all about it. On the whole, I was perfectly content—nay, more, perfectly happy; more so, indeed, than ever in my life, and quite willing to forget home and friends and everything in the society of Almah. While in her company there was always one purpose upon which I was most intent, and that was to master the language. I made rapid progress, and while she was absent I sought out others, especially the Kohen, with whom to practise. The Kohen was always most eager to aid me in every conceivable way or to any conceivable thing; and he had such a gentle manner and showed such generous qualities that I soon learned to regard him with positive affection.

Almah was always absent for several hours after I rose in the morning, and when she made her appearance it was with the face and manner of one who had returned from some unpleasant task. It always took some time for her to regain that cheerfulness which she usually showed. I soon felt a deep curiosity to learn the nature of her employment and office here, and as my knowledge of the language increased I began to question her. My first attempts were vain. She looked at me with indescribable mournfulness and shook her head. This, however, only confirmed me in my suspicions that her duties, whatever they might be, were of a painful nature; so I urged her to tell me, and asked her as well as I could if I might not share them or help her in some way. To all this, however, she only returned sighs and mournful looks for an answer. It seemed to me, from her manner and from the general behavior of the people, that there was no express prohibition on my learning anything, doing anything, or going anywhere; and so, after this, I besought her to let me accompany her some time. But this too she refused. My requests were often made, and as I learned more and more of the language I was able to make them with more earnestness and effect, until at length I succeeded in overcoming her objections.

"It is for your own sake," said she, "that I have refused, Atam-or. I do not wish to lessen your happiness. But you must know all soon; and so, if you wish to come with me and see what I have to do, why, you may come the next *jom*."

This meant the next day, *jom* being the division of time corresponding with our day. At this promise I was so full of gratitude that I forgot all about the dark suggestiveness of her words. The next *jom* I arose sooner than usual and went forth. I found Almah waiting for me. She looked troubled, and greeted me with a mournful smile.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1620.

"You will find pain in this," said she; "but you wish it, and if you still wish it, why, I will take you with me."

At this I only persisted the more, and so we set forth. We went through the cavern passages. Few people were there; all seemed asleep. Then we went out-of-doors and came into the full blaze of that day which here knew no night, but prolonged itself into months. For a while Almah stood looking forth between the trees to where the bright sunlight sparkled on the sea, and then with a sigh she turned to the left. I followed. On coming to the next portal she went in. I followed, and found myself in a rough cavern, dark and forbidding. Traversing this we came to an inner doorway, closed with a heavy mat. This she raised, and passed through, while I went in after her.

I found myself in a vast cavern, full of dim sparkling lights, which served not to illuminate it, but merely to indicate its enormous extent. Far above rose the vaulted roof, to a height of apparently a hundred feet. Under this there was a lofty half-pyramid with stone steps. All around, as far as I could see in the obscure light, there were niches in the walls, each one containing a figure with a light burning at its feet. I took them for statues. Almah pointed in silence to one of these which was nearest, and I went up close so as to see it.

The first glance that I took made me recoil with horror. It was no statue that I saw in that niche, but a shrivelled human form—a hideous sight. It was dark and dried; it was fixed in a sitting posture, with its hands resting on its knees, and its hollow eyes looking forward. On its head was the mockery of a wreath of flowers, while from its heart there projected the handle and half of the blade of a knife which had been thrust there. What was the meaning of this knife? It seemed to tell of a violent death. Yet the flowers must surely be a mark of honor. A violent death with honor, and the embalmed remains—these things suggested nothing else than the horrid thought of a human sacrifice. I looked away with eager and terrible curiosity. I saw all the niches, hundreds upon hundreds, all filled with these fearful occupants. I turned again with a sinking heart to Almah. Her face was full of anguish.

"This is my duty," said she. "Every *jom* I must come here and crown these victims with fresh flowers."

A feeling of sickening horror overwhelmed me. Almah had spoken these words and stood looking at me with a face of woe. This, then, was that daily task from which she was wont to return in such sadness—an abhorrent task to her, and one to which familiarity had never reconciled her. What was she doing here? What dark fate was it that thus bound this child of light to these children of darkness? or why was she thus compelled to perform a service from which all her nature revolted? I read in her face at this moment a horror equal to my own; and at the sight of her distress my own was lessened, and there arose within me a profound sympathy and a strong desire to do something to alleviate her misery.

"This is no place for you," continued Almah. "Go, and I will soon join you."

"No," said I, using her language after my own broken fashion—"no, I will not go—I will stay, I will help, if you will permit."

She looked at me earnestly, and seemed to see that my resolution was firmly fixed, and that I was not to be dissuaded from it.

"Very well," said she: "if you do stay and help me, it will be a great relief."

With these simple words she proceeded to carry out her work. At the foot of the pyramid there was a heap of wreaths made out of fresh flowers, and these were to be placed by her on the heads of the embalmed corpses.

"This work," said she, "is considered here the highest and most honorable that can be performed. It is given to me out of kindness, and they cannot understand that I can have any other feelings in the performance than those of joy and exultation—here among the dead and in the dark."

I said nothing, but followed and watched her, carrying the wreaths and supplying her. She went to each niche in succession, and after taking the wreath off from each corpse she placed a fresh one on, saying a brief formula at each act. By keeping her supplied with wreaths I was able to lighten her task, so much so that whereas it usually occupied her more than two hours, on the present occasion it was finished in less than half an hour. She informed me that those which she crowned were the corpses of men who had been sacrificed during the present season—by season meaning the six months of light; and that though many more were here, yet they wore crowns of gold. At the end of ten years they were removed to public sepulchres. The number of those which had to be crowned by her was about a hundred. Her work was only to crown them, the labor of collecting the flowers and weaving the wreaths and attending to the lamps being performed by others.

I left this place with Almah, sad and depressed. She had not told me why these victims had been sacrificed, nor did I feel inclined to ask. A dark suspicion had come to me that these people, underneath all their amiable ways, concealed thoughts, habits, and motives of a frightful kind; and that beyond all my present brightness and happiness there might be a fate awaiting me too horrible for thought. Yet I did not wish to borrow trouble. What I had seen and heard was quite enough for one occasion. I was anxious, rather, to forget it all. Nor did Almah's words or manner in any way reassure me. She was silent and sad and preoccupied. It was as though she knew the worst, and knowing it, dared not speak; as though there was something more horrible which she dared not reveal. For my part, I feared it so that I dared not ask. It was enough for me just then to know that my mild and self-denying and generous entertainers were addicted to the abhorrent custom of human sacrifices.

CHAPTER X.

THE SACRED HUNT.

On that very *jom* the Kohen informed me that they were about to set forth on the "sacred hunt," an event which always occurred toward the end of the season, and he kindly invited me to go. I, eager to find any relief from the horrible thoughts that had taken possession of me, and full of longing for active exertion, at once accepted the invitation. I was delighted to hear Almah say that she too was going; and I learned at the same time that in this strange land the women were as fond of hunting as the men, and that on such occasions their presence was expected.

The sacred hunt was certainly a strange one. I saw that it was to take place on the water; for a great crowd, numbering over a hundred, went down to the harbor and embarked on board a galley, on which there were a hundred others, who served as rowers. The hunters were all armed with long light javelins and short swords. Some of these were offered to me, for as yet no one supposed that my rifle and pistol were instruments of destruction, or anything else than ornaments. My refusal to accept their weapons created some surprise, but with their usual civility they did not press their offers further. It was evident that this hunting expedition was only made in obedience to some hallowed custom; for the light of the sun pained their eyes, and all their movements were made with uncertainty and hesitation. With these a hunt by sunlight is the same as a hunt by night would be with us. There was the same confusion and awkwardness.

The Kohen was in command. At his word the galley started, and the rowers pulled out to sea with long, regular strokes. I was anxious to know what the expedition was aimed at, and what were the animals that we expected to get; but I could not make out Almah's explanations. Her words suggested something of vague terror, vast proportions, and indescribable ferocity; but my ignorance of the language prevented me from learning anything more.

We went along the coast for a few miles, and then came to the mouth of a great river, which seemed to flow from among the mountains. The current was exceedingly swift, and as I looked back it seemed to me that it must be the very stream which had borne me here into this remote world. I afterward found out that this was so—that this stream emerges from among the mountains, flowing from an unknown source. It was over this that I had been borne in my sleep, after I had emerged from the subterranean darkness, and it was by this current that I had been carried into the open sea. As we crossed the estuary of this river I saw that the shores on either side were low, and covered with the rankest vegetation; giant trees of fern, vast reeds and grasses, all arose here in a dense growth impassable to man. Upon the shallow shores the surf was breaking; and here in the tide I saw objects which I at first supposed to be rocks, but afterward found out to be living things. They looked like alligators, but were far larger than the largest alligators known to us, besides being of far more terrific aspect. Toward these the galley was directed, and I now saw with surprise that these were the objects of the sacred hunt.

Suddenly, as the galley was moving along at half-speed, there arose out of the water a thing that looked like the folds of a giant hairy serpent, which, however, proved to be the long neck of an incredible monster, whose immense body soon afterward appeared above the water. With huge fins he propelled himself toward us; and his head, twenty feet in the air, was poised as though about to attack. The head was like that of an alligator, the open jaws showed a fearful array of sharp teeth, the eyes were fiercely glowing, the long neck was covered with a coarse, shaggy mane, while the top of the body, which was out of the water, was incased in an impenetrable cuirass of bone. Such a monster as this seemed unassailable, especially by men who had no missile weapons, and whose eyes were so dim and weak. I therefore expected that the galley would turn and fly from the attack, for the monster itself seemed as large as our vessel; but there was not the slightest thought of flight. On the contrary, every man was on the alert: some sprang to the bow and stood there, awaiting the first shock; others, amidship, stood waiting for the orders of the Kohen. Meanwhile the monster approached, and at length, with a sweep of his long neck, came down upon the dense crowd at the bows. A dozen frail lances were broken against his horny jaws, a half-dozen wretches were seized and terribly torn by those remorseless jaws. Still none fled. All rushed forward, and with lances, axes, knives, and ropes they sought to destroy the enemy. Numbers of them strove to seize his long neck. In the ardor of the fight the rowers dropped their oars and hurried to the scene, to take part in the struggle. The slaughter was sickening, but not a man quailed. Never had I dreamed of such blind and desperate courage as was now displayed before my horror-stricken eyes. Each sought to outdo the other. They had managed to throw ropes around the monster's neck, by which he was held close to the galley. His fierce movements seemed likely to drag us all down under the water; and his long neck, free from restraint, writhed and twisted among the struggling crowd of fighting men, in the midst of whom was the Kohen, as desperate and as fearless as any.

All this had taken place in a very short space of time, and I had scarce been able to comprehend the full meaning of it all. As for Almah, she stood pale and trembling, with a face of horror. At last it seemed to me that every man of them would be destroyed, and that they were all throwing their lives away to no purpose whatever. Above all, my heart was wrung for the Kohen, who was there in the midst of his people, lifting his frail and puny arm against the monster. I could endure inaction no longer. I had brought my arms with me, as usual; and now, as the monster raised his head, I took aim at his eye and fired. The report rang out in thunder. Almah gave a shriek, and amid the smoke I saw the long, snake-like neck of the monster sweeping about madly among the men. In the water his vast tail was lashing the surface of the sea, and churning it into foam. Here I once more took aim immediately under the fore-fin, where there was no scaly covering. Once more I fired. This time it was with fatal effect; for after one or two convulsive movements the monster, with a low, deep bellow, let his head fall and gasped out his life.

I hurried forward. There lay the frightful head, with its long neck and shaggy mane, while all around was a hideous spectacle. The destruction of life had been awful. Nineteen were dead and twenty-eight were wounded, writhing in every gradation of agony, some horribly mangled. The rest stood staring at me in astonishment, not understanding those peals of thunder that had laid the monster low. There was no terror or awe, however—nothing more than surprise; and the Kohen, whose clothes were torn into shreds and covered with blood, looked at me in bewilderment. I said to him, out of my small stock of words, that the wounded ought at once to be cared for. At this he turned away and made some remarks to his men.

I now stood ready to lend my own services, if needful. I expected to take a part in the tender attentions which were the due of these gallant souls, who had exhibited such matchless valor; these men who thought nothing of life, but flung it away at the command of their chief without dreaming of flight or of hesitation. Thus I stood looking on in an expectant attitude, when there came a moment in which I was simply petrified with horror; for the Kohen drew his knife, stooped over the wounded man nearest him, and then stabbed him to the heart with a mortal wound. The others all proceeded to do the same, and they did it in the coolest and most business-like manner, without any passion, without any feeling of any kind, and, indeed, with a certain air of gratification, as though they were performing some peculiarly high and sacred duty. The mildness and benevolence of their faces seemed actually heightened, and the perpetration of this unutterable atrocity seemed to affect these people in the same way in which the performance of acts of humanity might affect us.

For my own part, I stood for a few moments actually motionless from perplexity and horror: then, with a shriek, I rushed forward as if to prevent it; but I was too late. The unutterable deed was done, and the unfortunate wounded, without an exception, lay dead beside their slain companions. As for myself, I was only regarded with fresh wonder, and they all stood blinking at me with their half-closed eyes. Suddenly the Kohen fell prostrate on his knees before me, and bowing his head, handed me his bloody knife.

"Atam-or," said he, "give me also the blessing of darkness and death!"

At these strange words, following such actions, I could say nothing. I was more bewildered than ever, and horror and bewilderment made me dumb. I turned away and went aft to Almah, who had seen it all. She looked at me with an anxious gaze, as if to learn what the effect of all this had been on me. I could not speak a word, but with a vague sense of the necessity of self-preservation I loaded my rifle, and tried in vain to make out what might be the meaning of this union of gentleness and kindness with atrocious cruelty. Meanwhile the men all went to work upon various tasks. Some secured lines about the monster so as to tow it astern; others busied themselves with the corpses, collecting them and arranging them in rows. At length we returned, towing the monster astern.

I could not speak until I was back again in the lighted rooms and alone with Almah; then I told her, as well as I could, the horror that I felt.

"It was honor to those brave men," said she.

"Honor!" said I. "What! to kill them?"

"Yes," said she; "it is so with these people; with them death is the highest blessing. They all love death and seek after it. To die for another is immortal glory. To kill the wounded was to show that they had died for others. The wounded wished it themselves. You saw how they all sought after death. These people were too generous and kind-hearted to refuse to kill them after they had received wounds."

At this my perplexity grew deeper than ever, for such an explanation as this only served to make the mystery greater.

"Here," said she, "no one understands what it is to fear death. They all love it and long for it; but every one wishes above all to die for others. This is their highest blessing. To die a natural death in bed is avoided if possible."

All this was incomprehensible.

"Tell me, Almah," I said—"you hate darkness as I do—do you not fear death?"

"I fear it above all things," said Almah. "To me it is the horror of life; it is the chief of terrors."

"So it is with me," said I. "In my country we call death the King of Terrors."

"Here," said Almah, "they call death the Lord of Joy."

Not long after, the Kohen came in, looking as quiet, as gentle, and as amiable as ever. He showed some curiosity about my rifle, which he called a *sepet-ram*, or "rod of thunder." Almah also showed curiosity. I did not care to explain the process of loading it to the Kohen, though Almah had seen me load it in the galley, and I left him to suppose that it was used in some mysterious way. I cautioned him not to handle it carelessly, but found that this caution only made him the more eager to handle it, since the prospect of an accident found an irresistible attraction. I would not let it go out of my own hands, however; and the Kohen, whose self-denial was always most wonderful to me, at once checked his curiosity.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SWAMP MONSTER.

A few *joms* after, I was informed by the Kohen that there was to be another sacred hunt. At first I felt inclined to refuse, but on learning that Almah was going I resolved to go also; for Almah, though generally mistress of her actions, had nevertheless certain duties to perform, and among these was the necessity of accompanying hunting parties. I did not yet understand her position here, nor had I heard from her yet how it was that she was so different from the rest of them. That was all to be learned at a future time. For the present I had to be satisfied with knowing that she belonged to a different nation, who spoke a different language, and that all her thoughts and feelings were totally different from those of the people among whom she was living. She loved the light, she feared death, and she had never been able in the slightest degree to reconcile herself to the habits of these people. This I could readily understand, for to me it seemed as though they lived in opposition to nature itself.

We went out into the daylight, and then I saw a sight which filled me with amazement. I saw a flock of birds larger than even the opkuks. They were called "opmahera." They seemed as tall as giraffes, and their long legs indicated great powers of running. Their wings were very short, and not adapted for flight. They were very tractable, and were harnessed for riding in a peculiar way; lines like reins were fastened to the wings, and the driver, who sat close by the neck, guided the bird in this way. Each bird carried two men, but for Almah and me there was a bird apiece. An iron prod was also taken by each driver as a spur. I did not find out until afterward how to drive. At that time the prospect of so novel a ride was such an exciting one that I forgot everything else. The birds seemed quiet and tractable. I took it for granted that mine was well trained, and would go with the others of his own accord. We all mounted by means of a stone platform which stood by the pyramid, and soon were on our way.

The speed was amazing; the fastest race-horse at home is slow compared with this. It was as swift as an ordinary railway train, if not more so. For some minutes the novelty of my situation took away all other thoughts, and I held the reins in my hands without knowing how to use them. But this mattered not, for the well-trained birds kept on after the others, while Almah on her bird was close behind me. The pace, as I said, was tremendous, yet no easier motion can be imagined. The bird bounded along with immense leaps, with wings outstretched, but its feet touched the ground so lightly that the motion seemed almost equal to flying. We did not confine ourselves to the roads, for the birds were capable of going over any kind of a country in a straight line. On this occasion we passed over wide fields and rocky mountain ridges and deep swamps and sandy wastes at the same speed, until at length we reached a vast forest of dense tree-ferns, where the whole band stopped for a short time, after which we took up a new direction, moving on more slowly. The forest grew up out of a swamp, which extended as far as the eye could reach from the sea to the mountains. Along the edge of this forest we went for some time, until at length there came a rushing, crackling sound, as of something moving there among the trees, crushing down everything in its progress. We halted, and did not have to wait long; for soon, not far away, there emerged from the thick forest a figure of incredible size and most hideous aspect.

It looked like one of those fabled dragons such as may be seen in pictures, but without wings. It was nearly a hundred feet in length, with a stout body and a long tail, covered all over with impenetrable scales. Its hind-legs were rather longer than its fore-legs, and it moved its huge body with ease and rapidity. Its feet were armed with formidable claws. But its head was most terrific. It was a vast mass of bone, with enormous eyes that glared like fire; its jaws opened to the width of six or eight feet, and were furnished with rows of sharp teeth, while at the extremity of its nose there was a tusk several feet long, like the horn of a rhinoceros, curving backward. All this I took in at the first glance, and the next instant the whole band of hunters, with their usual recklessness, flung themselves upon the monster.

For a short time all was the wildest confusion—an intermingling of birds and men, with the writhing and roaring beast. With his huge claws and his curved horn and his wide jaws he dealt death and destruction all around; yet still the assailants kept at their work. Many leaped down to the ground and rushed close up to the monster, thrusting their lances into the softer and more unprotected parts of his body; while others, guiding their birds with marvellous dexterity, assailed him on all sides. The birds, too, were kept well to their work; nor did they exhibit any fear. It was not until they were wounded that they sought to fly. Still, the contest seemed too unequal. The sacrifice of life was horrible. I saw men and birds literally torn to pieces before my eyes. Nevertheless, the utter fearlessness of the assailants confounded me. In spite of the slaughter, fresh crowds rushed on. They clambered over his back, and strove to drive their lances under his bony cuirass. In the midst of them I saw the Kohen. By some means he had reached the animal's back, and was crawling along, holding by the coarse, shaggy mane. At length he stopped, and with a sudden effort thrust his lance into the monster's eye. The vast beast gave a low and terrible howl; his immense tail went flying all about; in his pain he rolled over and over, crushing underneath him in his awful struggles all who were nearest. I could no longer be inactive. I raised my rifle, and as the beast in his writhings exposed his belly I took aim at the soft flesh just inside his left fore-leg, and fired both barrels.

At that instant my bird gave a wild, shrill scream and a vast bound into the air, and then away it went like the wind — away, I knew not where. That first bound had nearly jerked me off; but I managed to avoid this, and now instinctively clung with all my might to the bird's neck, still holding my rifle. The speed of the bird was twice as great as it had been before—as the speed of a runaway horse surpasses that of the same horse when trotting at his ordinary rate, and under control. I could scarcely make out where I was going. Rocks, hills, swamps, fields, trees, sand, and sea all seemed to flash past in one confused assemblage, and the only thought in my mind was that I was being carried to some remote wilderness, to be flung there bruised and maimed among the rocks, to perish helplessly. Every moment I expected to be thrown, for the progress of the bird was not only inconceivably swift, but it also gave immense leaps into the air; and it was only its easy mode of lighting on the ground after each leap that saved me from being hurled off. As it was, however, I clung instinctively to the bird's neck, until at last it came to a stop so suddenly that my hands slipped, and I fell to the ground.

[To be continued.]

SLEIGHING IN NEW YORK.

One of the many surprising phenomena afforded by the city of New York is the putting forth of ten thousand sleighs, more or less, immediately after a snowfall. Some people might wonder that there should be any sleighs here at all, the quantity of snow we get seeming hardly great enough to warrant us in bothering with such things. But New-Yorkers have the cheerful disposition to seize upon a blessing when it comes, no matter if it is niggardly and infrequent. When the snow falls, the town is ready to go sleighing. For fifty-one weeks in the year, maybe, all plans of locomotion will need to be concerned with the problem of getting over the bare ground; then in the fifty-second week it will snow, and the sleighs will pop forth as naturally as though this were Montreal or St. Petersburg. The sleighs of New York vary widely in the matters of shape and luxury of appointment. Every east-side grocer seems to own a pair of runners which he can hoist the body of his best cart upon at five minutes' notice, and there are sleighs so fine, with varnish so joyous and pompons so splendid, that the Czar himself might feel at home in one of them. Mr. Thulstrup's picture affords us a vision of some of these handsome sleighs flying along the snow-clad reaches of Central Park.

A sleighing turn-out of the first class is a sight to stir the blood. The horses are clipped close — closer perhaps than they should be in absolute kindness—and the stinging cold puts them to their highest mettle. No touch of the whip do they need; there is whip enough in the particles of flying snow which strike sharply upon their sensitive coats, and they prance like dancing-masters, tossing their heads, and setting the bells in a delirious jingle. To them the occupants of the sleigh afford a decided contrast—or they should, at least, to be in good current "form." Stolidity is a fashion imported from England, and nowhere is it more essential, nowhere does it show to finer advantage, than under the buffalo-robes. The man of fashion should do his sleighing wholly without emotion, much as one might think an American Indian or a cinnamon-bear would do it if called upon. Wrapped in voluminous furs, he should sit motionless, with eyes fixed, and with no more betrayal of interest, or even of animation, than if he were a parcel to be delivered. If the snow should pelt him painfully, let him stand it; if he thinks he would like to look at something, let him come quietly and look at it another time. Just now it is his duty to afford a contrast to the horses, to supply in this picture of vigor and movement the idea of peaceful and unalterable rest.

But, of course, not everybody in New York goes sleighing in this excessively proper way. Nature is greater than fashion, and plenty of people here are accustomed, when they go sleigh-riding, to get all the fun they can out of the experience.

MR. DALY'S LATEST REVIVAL.

It is the involuntary action of a poet's mind which imparts to his writings the crowning glory of inspiration. He may impress and satisfy the judgment by virtue of his preconceived purpose; he arouses the imagination and touches the heart only through the spontaneous volition of his genius. This is a good truth to remember when reading Shakespeare, with whose great name the dull wit of detraction is often busy. Shakespeare's plays, it is urged, had their origin in necessity and thrift; any other view of the subject is ideal, and therefore foolish; Shakespeare wrote for the stage because he wanted money, and precisely as any hack dramatist of the present day writes for it. The late Richard Grant White entertained that opinion, and he stated it well. It is one thing, however, to declare, and another thing to convince; and a man may have profound scholarship without comprehending the soul of Shakespeare. Many actors, although in a different spirit, are prone to assign specific limits to that illimitable genius, fondly and not unnaturally claiming that Shakespeare wrote solely and exclusively for them, and some of them seem to think that but for the stage he would not have written at all.

Such reasoning is seen to be fallacious the moment it is viewed in the intrinsic light of his works, and tested by the ascertained laws which govern the operation of the human intellect. Shakespeare, without doubt, got money for writing plays, and was pleased to get it; and equally without doubt Shakespeare was influenced by that potent dramatic movement—ancient in Italy, youthful in England, and then as yet unfelt in France—which made the dominant drift of literature in his time. But the ability to express and interpret human nature in dramatic forms is not created by the existence of a public demand for plays. There is a most opulent and eager "market" for a Shakespeare now, but it does not produce him. Furthermore, each of Shakespeare's greater plays abounds with inspired passages, such as not the promise of all the gold in Ophir's mountain could have extorted from the mere mercenary hack. The requirements of the stage, even in our time of profuse and complex mechanical contrivance, are much more than fulfilled by Shakespeare's plays. Every one of them has to be shortened and altered before it can be acted. He did indeed write for the stage, but it happens that his works transcend every stage, and are superior to all actors and quite independent of the theatre; their greatness, their puissant vitality, and their charm consisting in their quality of inspiration. It manifestly was his nature to write in the dramatic vein, to express at once the form, the picture, and the movement of human life, and he would have uttered himself in this vein even had there been no Globe Theatre and no Burbage. The impulse arose in the depth of his own soul; it was not derived from his circumstances. All true art springs from an elemental source, and that source is not a money-bag.

The beautiful production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that Mr. Augustin Daly has made at his theatre, since it serves to turn the public attention again and specially upon Shakespeare's poetry, will serve a good purpose at this time in teaching this lesson. No happier illustration of Shakespeare's method illumined by Shakespeare's inspiration could readily be found than is provided in this ethereal and lovely comedy. This piece, according to an accepted tradition, was written by him with special reference to an occasion—to the nuptials of the Earl of Southampton and Elizabeth Vernon. Here was the preconceived purpose to produce a play which would fit and satisfy the need of the hour; but here also was the inspiration of poetic genius, the involuntary golden tide of imagination and feeling, back of the purpose, and certain to irradiate it; so that when at length Shakespeare had wrought out his plan, and the comedy was finished, he had created a drama so aerial in its grotesque fancy, so subtle and elusive in its poetic loveliness, that it has caused many a commentator to become entangled with his own ears, and generally has perplexed and baffled the players, for wellnigh three centuries. Spenser had made fairies familiar to the readers of poetry, but never before had fairies been introduced into a play, and made in that manner participant in mortal affairs. Shakespeare's plan, it is easy to perceive, was redolent of his subject. The scene is Athens, in order that the tone may be chaste and fine, the architecture stately, the landscape luxuriant, the attire beautiful. Theseus and Hippolyte are to be wedded after the lapse of four days. How shall this "gap of time" be made populous and active? The theme shall be love. The argument shall be the perplexities of mating lovers, who at first are playfully perplexed, but finally are harmonized and rewarded, by the operation of fairy magic. Oberon and Titania, the fairy king and queen, attended by their sprites, shall hover about the imperial pair, and ultimately unite to prosper and bless them. Common life, with a comic strain in it, shall be intertwined with this fantastic web of fancy. The action shall mostly pass in a woodland region of phantasy and dream. And at last shall come a splendid and jubilant revel at the fulfilment of youthful hopes and the coronation of happy love. So much, no doubt, was involved and forecast in the poet's plan; but the floods of felicitous thought, noble imagery, and poetic eloquence that pour themselves through his execution of it are too affluent not to be spontaneous. The lines on marriage and "single blessedness"; on "the course of true love"; on the tempestuous English summer (of 1594); on the "fair vestal" and "Cupid all armed"; on imagination as shown in lover, madman, and poet; on the friendships of youth; on the music of the hounds, "matched in mouth like bells, each under each"—what are these but the excess of richness with which the spirit of Shakespeare continually overflowed?

A Midsummer Night's Dream has seldom been acted. Garrick produced unsuccessfully a version of it, made by himself in 1763 at Drury Lane; Charles Kean accomplished a sumptuous revival of it at the Princess's Theatre, London, about forty years ago; Samuel Phelps subsequently gave a scholar-like production of it at Sadler's Wells. Its first presentation in America was made on November 9, 1826, at the old Park Theatre. The most important revival of it prior to that now effected by Mr. Daly was that offered by W. E. Burton on February 6, 1854, at Burton's Theatre, when that great comedian himself enacted Bottom. It had a run of one hundred nights at the New York Olympic in 1867, with the late G. L. Fox as Bottom, and with a panorama by Telbin. Mr. Daly himself presented it at the Grand Opera-house in 1873, and he now brings it forward again after fifteen years of disuse. This time it is adorned with scenic embellishments of a delicacy and splendor quite compatible with its own, besides having the advantage of an almost faultless cast. Miss Ada Rehan plays Helena; Miss Virginia Dreher, Hermia; Mr. John Drew, Demetrius; Mr. Otis Skinner, Lysander; Mr. Charles Fisher, Ægeus; Mr. James Lewis, Bottom; Mr. Joseph Holland, Theseus. And all these parts are well played. Mr. Lewis has caused some little controversy among critical observers by investing Bottom with a lively temperament and a rapid manner instead of the dull, ruminant mood and slow demeanor with which it has been customary to embody it. The essential fact about Bottom is that he is a most consummate ass without ever knowing it, though once he becomes comically amazed at having dreamed of it. So long as the colossal self-conceit is maintained, and the delineation remains unconsciously humorous, it surely matters not whether the manner be sluggish or alert. The danger of the brisk manner is display of too much intelligence. Mr. Lewis gives a studied, symmetrical, and very comical performance.

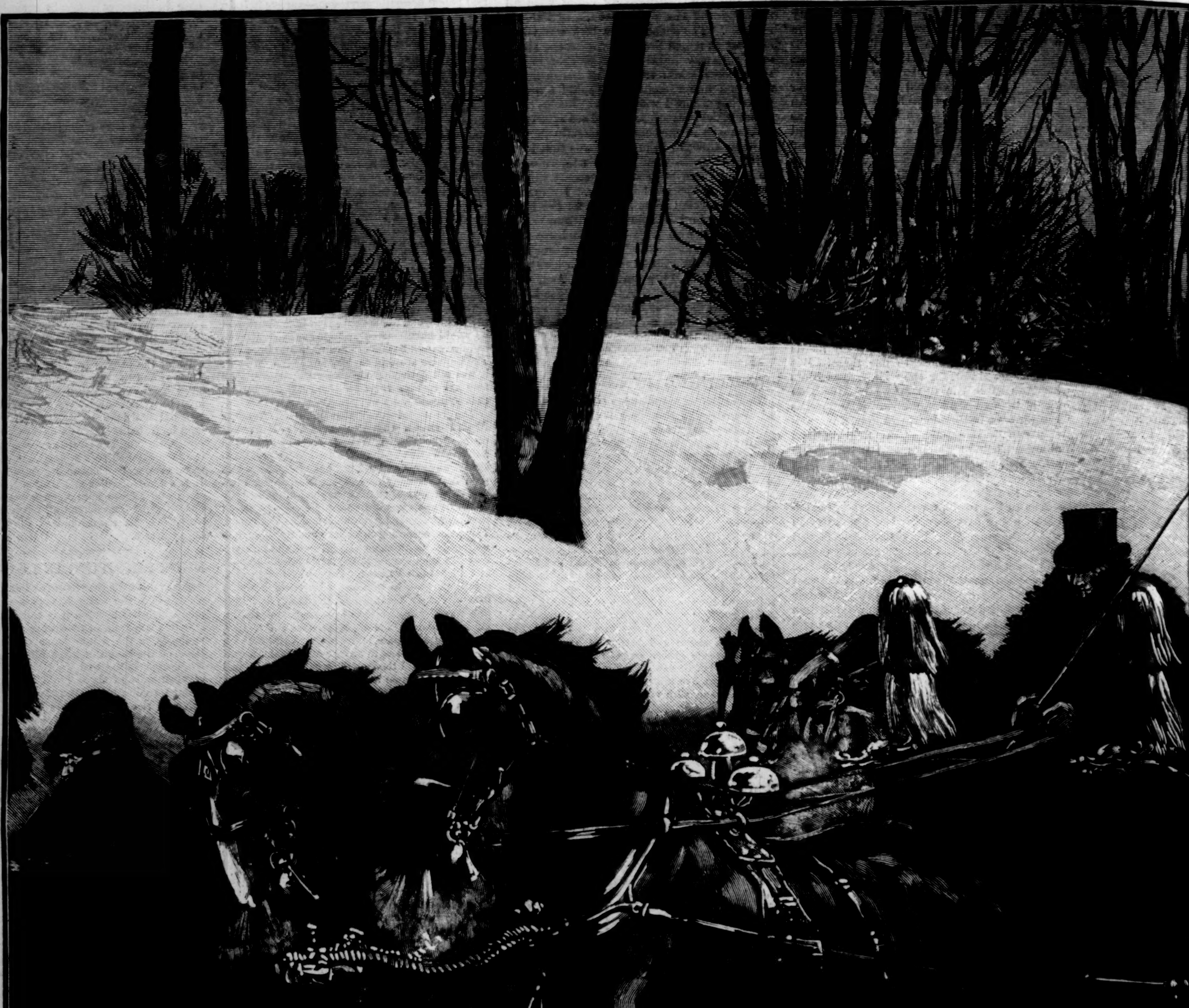
There is some weakness, where it might be expected, in the fairy realm; for the Oberon is defective in elocution, the Titania, though a feast to the eye, is modern and conventional, and the painful precocity of the Puck creates a sense of weariness. Nevertheless, the management of the fairy scenes is marked by perfect sympathy with the spirit of the piece and by a most pleasing and convincing grace. There is a scene in which Titania is lulled to sleep by the songs of her fairies; and then the fire-flies flash through the mist, and sounds are audible such as haunt the woods by night, and the dark boughs seem to shimmer under the faint light of stars, and presently the moon rises and half illumines the green and fragrant dells, though only to deepen their charm of romantic mystery. No scenic pageant more lovely than this, or more deftly handled, has been shown upon the American stage. Toward the close of the piece a barge is presented, wherein Theseus and the other chief mortals of the story —all the bewilderments of the haunted woodland being now over—are seen sailing down to Athens; and here is displayed, after the precedent indicated in Telbin's work, a gorgeous panorama, showing the river-banks and the contiguous landscape as seen from the barge or from a distant eminence commanding the whole prospect. It is a feast of color and truly a marvel of illusion; and as you gaze upon it your senses are bewitched by the enchanting music of Mendelssohn, and you realize indeed the ecstasy of a happy dream. William Winter.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN LOUISIANA.

Away down South, where frost and snow never come, where the water is always open, and the mud which lies beneath it is full of the seeds of aquatic plants and of toothsome crustaceans and mollusks, is the winter home of the wild-duck. Here, on the beautiful lakes which dot the lower Mississippi Valley and the Gulf coast, hundreds of thousands of these birds spend the winter months, feeding on the abundant "water parsley" and wild rice, and only now and then disturbed by the boom of the sportsman's gun.

The number of fowl which frequent these lakes is almost inconceivable. When disturbed, the flocks which rise from the water partially obscure the sky, and at morning and evening, when the birds are hurrying to or from their feeding-grounds, the whistling of their swiftly beating wings is like the sound made by a gale of wind as it rushes through a ship's rigging, while their loud and continuous call notes add to the confusion of sounds. And if their number is beyond computation, so too is their variety to the gunner who is not also an ornithologist. To enumerate the species would be like taking a chapter out of a book on birds. Besides the ducks, geese of several kinds visit this region, and huge white pelicans with jetty wings, cranes and herons, curlews and plover — a multitude of feathered creatures that is positively astounding.

Those lakes which are best known are much frequented by sportsmen, who come from far and near to take part in the splendid shooting which these waters afford; but there are many smaller pools and ponds, some of them hidden away in dense swamps, which are never visited by man, and where the fowl find a refuge and comparative safety. The mud which underlies and often surrounds these lakes is deep and sticky, and the gunner who carelessly ventures to wade in them, even though he be protected by hip boots of India rubber, may sometimes find his legs imprisoned, and be unable to move forward or backward, or may sink so deep in the soft ooze that before he realizes his situation the water flows over the tops of his boots. But when he has fairly secreted himself in his "blind," the shooting that he has more than repays him for the difficulties he has had to overcome. From every point of the compass, singly or by twos and threes, in long lines or in close bunches, the ducks come sweeping over or by him in such numbers that unless he have a cool head or be an old hand at the work, he will be very likely to become confused, and to waste a great many cartridges that ought to do good execution. If, however, he chooses his opportunities, and makes the most of them, he will be pretty sure to have a goodly pile of ducks in his blind when evening comes and he is ready to turn his steps homeward. The rapidity with which these birds fly is something very startling to the novice at duck-shooting, who hardly sees the birds approaching before they have passed him and are well beyond reach of the gun. A remark made by an old duck-shooter conveys some idea of the speed of their flight. He said: "It takes two men to kill a butter-ball—one to say, 'Here he comes!' and another to say, 'There he goes!'" Although the many species of ducks found on these lakes far outnumber all the other fowl, it is by no means unusual for the gunner to have shots at geese and even swans, though the man who succeeds in killing one of these last may indeed esteem himself fortunate. In winter the negroes devote a good deal of time to duck-shooting, and are often quite good shots, as well as very expert imitators of the call notes of the different kinds; indeed, many families subsist almost entirely on ducks throughout the winter. They build a stable standing-place in some sheltered corner of the lake, and there lie in wait for the ducks. Often there are two men in the blind, one of whom handles the gun, while the other acts as retriever, wading out or swimming for the ducks that fall to his comrade's shot.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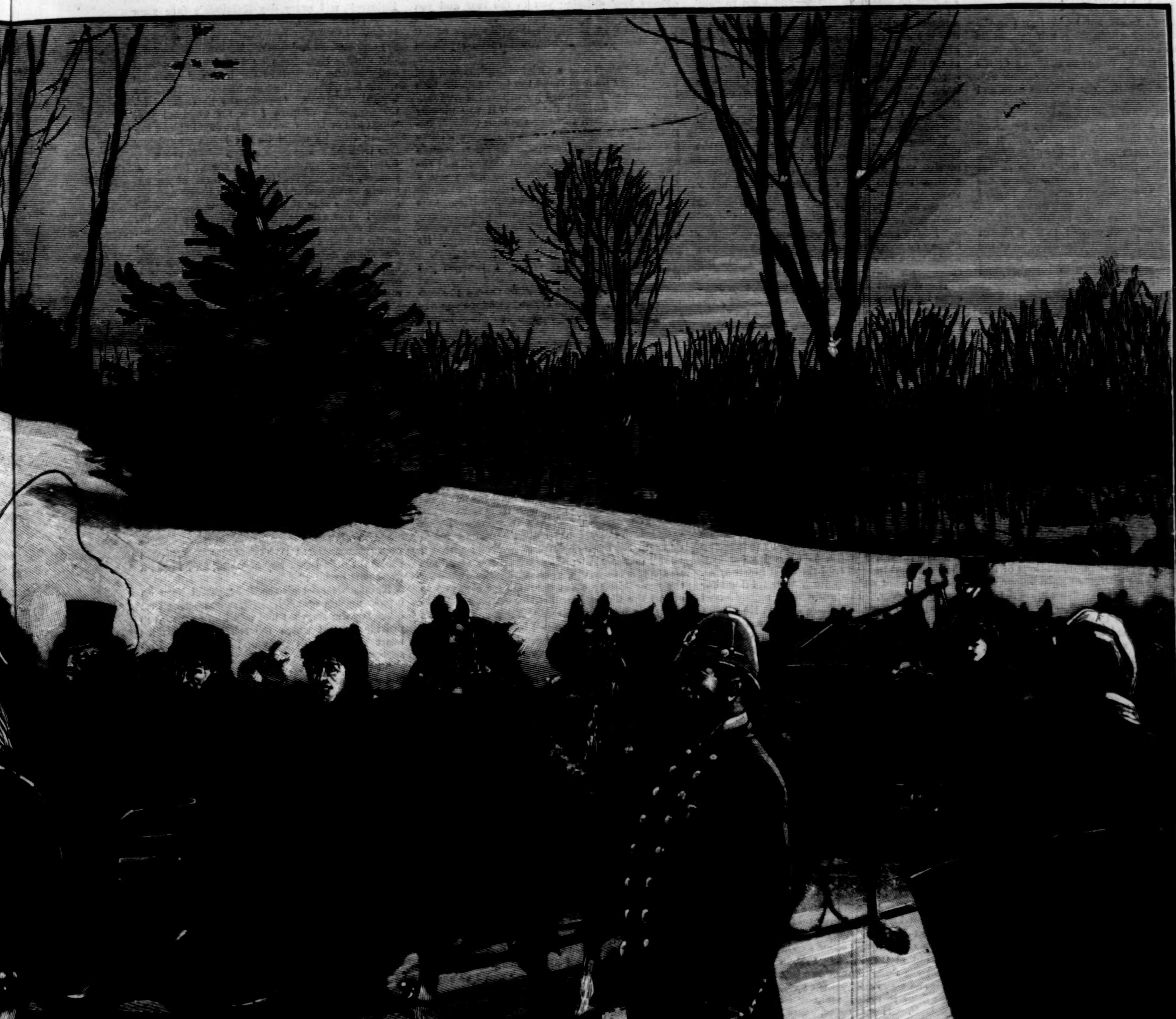
SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK



RK CITY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 115.]

KAINTUCK.

The sergeant's ruddy, handsome face was the only cheerful object within the prison-yard as he walked up and down, crossing the sentry's beat. The yard was small—it was at the back of the gloomy brick building—and only one narrow window looked out upon it. The day was dark and dull. The soldier marching up and down, clutching his musket, looked sulky and cold, and he wondered why a man like Sergeant Heywood, who didn't have to do sentry duty, should be pacing back and forth for two hours at a stretch.

The sight of a prisoner's face at the barred window did not add to the cheerfulness of the surroundings. The face was curiously twisted and distorted by a shot that had torn through the jaw. It would have been repulsive but for the eyes—eyes pathetic, curious, patient, almost the color of the faded "butternut" clothes of the prisoner. As soon as the sergeant saw the poor face at the window he halted in his walk, and called out, cheerily, "Hello, Kaintuck!"

"Hello!" responded Kaintuck, with equal cheeriness, but in a thin, soft voice, such as might be expected to come out of his narrow chest.

"How are you to-day?" continued the sergeant.

"Purty well, considerin'," answered Kaintuck. "Las' night I didn't sleep very well. This here old jaw got to achin'; an', by golly, sergeant, she kin everlastin' ache when she starts in! Ef it hadn't ben for that terbacker you give me yesterday, I'll 'low I'd had a sorter onpleasant time. But it was a comfort, cert'n'y. Before I lit my pipe it seemed like I never was goin' ter see Polly an' the kid no more, that you blarsted Yankees was a-goin' ter whip us, spite o' General Lee, an' that this here jaw was a-goin' ter come all ter pieces. But I hadn't hardly lighted that pipe, sir, before I seen Polly an' the kid right before me, lookin' peart an' gay, an' Marse Bob had done licked you all like the devil, an' my jaw was all right, an' goin' ter stay so. That's what terbacker does for a man."

The sergeant accepted these indications of the prisoner's sympathies with great good-humor.

"I've got some more of that same brand," said he; "it affects me kinder the same way too. When I smoke it, seems to me General Grant is marching into Richmond, and the bands is playing 'Yankee Doodle,' and I'm a colonel ridin' at the head of my regiment."

Kaintuck smiled at this. His smile was a mere contortion, but his deep strange eyes smiled luminously.

"I reckon it's a kinder universal comforter. Did it bring your wife and your kids right up before you?"

The sergeant was a great strapping fellow, six feet high; but at this pleasantry he blushed like a girl.

"I 'ain't got a wife, nor kids either; but—"

"You've got a girl, hain't you? Come, sergeant, let's hear 'bout it. It's mighty lonesome somehow in this government hotel."

The sergeant laughed, and came closer to the window. Just then a streak of sunlight fell upon him, as he stood with one foot advanced and his stalwart arms crossed; but the prison window and Kaintuck remained in the gloom. The sergeant pulled his cap down over his eyes quite bashfully, and cleared his throat.

"Now, I'm talking confidential, Kaintuck—"

"An' you don't want me to tell the agreeable an' amusin' companions I have in here," continued Kaintuck, in the same soft, slow voice. "Fac' is, when a man's been in prison fur eighteen months, an' never had a soul but them doctors ter take no more notice of him ner a dog, excep' yourself, sergeant—"

Kaintuck stopped. The retrospect struck him unpleasantly.

"Well, I'm goin' to tell you what I 'ain't told even to my folks at home. I've got a girl—an' she's only twenty-one years old, an' a widder—an' the biggest rebel, b'gosh—"

The sergeant brought all this out in jerks, intermingled with suppressed laughter; and when he announced the last fact, Kaintuck joined in his hilarity.

"Blamed if women ain't the queerest lot," remarked Kaintuck, chuckling.

"You bet," assented the sergeant, still laughing. "You oughter heard that gal sass me. There she was, all by herself in a little house, with a kid about two years old, an' when I come politely to tell her I'd take care the men didn't milk her cow or take her chickens, and told her she needn't be afraid of anything, she stood in her door, with that baby in her arms, and fairly poured hot shot into me. 'I'm a soldier's widow,' she says, her eyes blazing. 'Do you think I know what it is to be afraid of *you?* Oh, if this child only was a man to shoulder his dead father's musket!' Now, you know, Kaintuck, that kind o' talk from a poor young thing all dressed in black breaks a man all up. So I just kep' my cap in my hand, and I says, 'Madam, I respect a soldier's widow, no matter which side the soldier fought on, and whether you'll agree or not, I'll make it my business to see that you'll have some kind of protection.' We was in winter-quarters then, about a mile from her house. You know, men is hard to manage sometimes, and if I hadn't spoke to some of the officers, the poor thing's little all in the way of chickens and such would have gone. But I told the colonel about it, and that her husband was killed in the rebel army, and he settled it so that not a man dared to be seen near that hen-roost and cow pasture. But I don't know what she'd 'a done for wood if I hadn't looked out for her. I'd drop an armful, and knock at the door, and she'd open it. Then I'd say, 'Will you please to tell me where to put this?' 'Anywhere you like,' she'd say, and go on with her knittin' an' sewin'. It kinder nettled me at first, but she looked so young and pitiful, I couldn't get mad with her. Then somehow that young one got almighty fond of me. Every time I'd pass by that little house—and I got to goin' by purty often—he'd come toddling out—he was a handsome youngster—and he'd howl like tarnation if I didn't take him up in my arms. At first his mother—her name's Mary—would look black at me; but one day the little feller took my cap out of my hand, and tried to put it on his own head. 'No, sir,' says I. 'The lady yonder 'll think you're poisoned if you put a blue cap on your head.' At that she laughed. I never seen her laugh before."

Kaintuck had pressed his face close to the bars of the window to hear the sergeant's story by this time, and the sergeant had advanced a step or two so that they could talk in a low voice.

"Go on," said Kaintuck. "How did you git the better of her at last?"

"I don't know," answered the sergeant, pulling his cap down a little farther yet, and showing his white teeth in a smile. "First time I told her she was pretty—by George!"

The sergeant stopped short, completely overcome by the recollection.

"Kaintuck, she don't more'n come up to my shoulder, an' she weighs about a hundred pounds, but I thought she was going to whip me then and there. I've been scared nearly to death two or three times during this unpleasantness, but I swear, Kaintuck, if that little widder wasn't the first rebel that started me on the dead run. However, I felt so mean about showing the white feather that I just determined I wasn't going to be stampeded that way again. So I braced up, an' put on my best uniform, an' went to see her again. She says, 'I'm a rebel, and I'm bound to be one always.' 'That's all right,' says I, 'bein' you're nothin' but a woman, and a mighty little one at that.' She laughed, and then, without any sort o' warning, she turned her pretty face to the wall and begun to cry. After a while I talked to her sensible like. I says, 'Here you are alone and unprotected. How are you going to bring up that boy? What 'll you do when I go away?' She turned white, and held the child in her arms. I said, 'I'll not only do for you, but I'll do for the boy besides. I've got a little money saved up, and he'll have his share of it. He sha'n't never know what it is not to have a father if you'll marry me, Mary. So after a while, between crying and kissing the baby, and looking mournfully at the fire, she agreed to marry me if I'd wait till the spring, and in May I'm going to get leave—the colonel knows all about it—and there'll be one rebel less, I believe, before long, though she does swear she'll never be anything but a rebel."

"Sergeant," said Kaintuck, "how did she take the partin'? Since you've been so free, you won't mind my askin' the question."

The sergeant hesitated, but there was something so strangely sympathetic in poor Kaintuck's humid eyes, and in the ghost of a smile that haunted his patient face, that the sergeant could not but tell. "She behaved like a little soldier till the last. I didn't half like her being so brave. But when she knew she was seein' me for the last time—well—er—I couldn't exactly tell another feller. Anyhow, she had been makin' out all along she was thinkin' about the boy, but I swear I believe she forgot all about the blessed kid. She never told me in so many words, but I kinder suspect she didn't care so much about the dead feller as she thought. It leaked out in little things, that he was kind to her, and she wasn't out of her teens, and I don't believe she was really grown up until she heard he was dead in prison, and she had to look out for herself. Howsomever," said the sergeant, pulling himself together, and laughing again—he was a good-natured fellow—"I've told you a durned sight of spooney stuff."

"An' I won't mention it to the rats, neither," answered Kaintuck.

"It's time for me to be goin'," remarked the sergeant, with a sudden accession of shamefacedness following his confidences.

"And I'm thinkin'," called out Kaintuck after him as he strode away, "that little rebel widder is goin' to git a mighty good feller for a husband!"

For four or five days the sergeant was too busy to go near the prison, but one evening at nightfall, as he was trudging along to the quarters, some one hailed him. It was the chaplain, a small meek man, as brave as a lion. He and the sergeant had seen service together.

"Is that Sergeant Haywood?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the sergeant, touching his cap.

"There's a poor fellow down at the jail"—everybody called Kaintuck a poor fellow—"who has been asking for you. He's going to die, I think."

The sergeant started. Who ever bestowed kindness and care on a prisoner that did not come to love him finally? "Why, sir?" asked the sergeant, after a pause. "What's the matter with him, sir?"

"Nothing—but death. He is rather an extraordinary fellow. His determination to live brought him through enough to kill ten men. A day or two ago he got a letter, and since then he seems equally determined to die. These cases are not so uncommon, after all. Did you never hear how easily a great strapping Russian soldier dies of homesickness or disappointment—any little thing that takes away the desire of living?"

"Maybe it's the Russian doctors, sir," replied the sergeant, quite gravely. Fear of shot and shell he knew not, but he had been seen to turn pale at the sight of the surgeon's scalpel, and to have crawled out to parade with a shaking ague on him rather than encounter a visit from that same surgeon.

The chaplain smiled. "It's not the doctors this time, though Heaven knows I fear some of these army surgeons myself."

"I didn't think you was afraid of anything, sir, after that day at Cedar Mountain, when the officers kep' ordering you to the rear and you wouldn't budge a peg."

A faint color crept into the chaplain's sallow face. This humble and unstudied tribute pleased him.

The sergeant was a strict disciplinarian, and knew better than to stand too long talking with his officer, so he touched his cap and moved on.

When he reached the prison, it was already dark. He walked through the long corridor until he reached Kaintuck's cell, in which a lamp—a rare luxury—was burning. To the sergeant's surprise, Kaintuck was up and dressed and sitting on the narrow bed. On his knees was a large new Bible which the chaplain had given him, but which he was not reading. His strange eyes were fixed on the door, and when the sergeant's big figure filled up the doorway, something like joy flashed into his maimed face. He got up and shuffled over to meet the sergeant.

"Why, sergeant," he cried, "I thought you had forgot me!"

"No, I 'ain't forgot you," answered the sergeant, kindly; "but the chaplain told me you was goin' to give us the slip. You don't look like it, though."

The shadow of a smile showed itself in Kaintuck's eyes. He had a sort of primitive humor that delighted in surprises. "Well, I am," he remarked, after a moment; "I feel it. I felt it the minute I got—her letter." Something in his slow soft tone struck the sergeant and stopped the protest on his lips. Kaintuck's life had hung on a thread for the best part of two years, and since he continued to live with great obstinacy in spite of the doctors, he might now die in defiance of them. "I'll tell you," he said, coming up closer to the sergeant and speaking in a low voice; "I 'ain't told none of 'em—not even the preacher, and he is a good man if he *is* a preacher. You see, Mary—that's her name—I just called her Polly for a nickname—she's heard down in Jo Daviess County, Kaintucky, that I warn't dead, and she wrote me a letter sayin' she was comin' to me as soon as she was able—for the news kinder upset her, and she always was one of the high-strung kind—and she's goin' to bring my boy—he's named William, and that's my name—but, sergeant—"

Kaintuck seized the sergeant's arm and gripped it hard. Meanwhile at the mention of Jo Daviess County the sergeant had turned a little pale, and he grew paler and paler as Kaintuck kept on.

"Sergeant, I read that letter. It was the dutifulest letter a woman ever wrote. But—but—don't you know a woman can marry a feller, an' be dutiful an' patient, an' all the time her heart's on fire an' eatin' itself away in grief 'cause she's married the wrong feller?" He paused a moment, and then broke out desperately: "And that's the way with Mary. She wasn't but seventeen when I married her. She was too young—she didn't know. An' here I am a mock an' a misery. I ain't fit to earn a livin' for her. She'll faint dead away when she sees this here." He struck his disfigured face savagely, and did not wince with the pain. "It's better for her, an' God knows it's better for me to die. After I got that letter I felt sorter low. The doctors kem in an' talked about my havin' flutterings at the heart, an' givin' me brandy. Did you ever hear o' brandy curing a broken heart? Sergeant, I tell you, I've got a blow worser'n that bullet that shot my jaw away. I didn't mean never to let her know I was alive unless I got cured an' made a man of again, and—and—" Kaintuck dropped weakly down on the side of the bed. The sergeant then noticed that he was of a deathly color, and scarcely able to sit up, much less to stand. But the sergeant too wore a strange look, and his strong hands clinched behind his back were trembling.

Kaintuck, fumbling in the breast of his butternut shirt, produced a little packet done up in white letter-paper, on which something was written, and took from it a tress of chestnut hair, soft and long.

"This writin' is hers," he said, with a curious accent of pride, "and her hair is as long as this all over her head—and wavy."

The sergeant could not read the words because they danced before his eyes, but he knew the handwriting, and on his own breast reposed a lock of hair that matched the one poor Kaintuck showed with such pride. Kaintuck, in the frenzy of his suppressed excitement, did not notice the sergeant's pallor and agitation. He was wrestling furiously and blindly with his fate.

"Now don't you see," he asked, "why I don't want her to come? I 'ain't got long to live. What's the use o' dragging her through it? An' I can tell you, sergeant, it would be a heap easier to die now than before I seen her and the boy."

The sergeant turned quietly and walked out of the room. He went down the corridor toward the window that overlooked the court-yard, where everything was black but for occasional patches of moonlight. The grief and horror with which he was overcome had an added sting of conscience. He was an unlettered man, and was not used to arguing morals with himself. He felt oppressed with guilt at allowing Kaintuck to go to his grave without knowing how things really were. But some instinctive common-sense restrained him. It would only add a last cruelty of fate to tell him that he had been forgotten and supplanted; and the sergeant, after looking at Kaintuck closely, had adopted the chaplain's opinion that Kaintuck was not long for this world. He did not know how long he had stood at the window, when he became calmer, and returned along the corridor. The lamp was turned up in Kaintuck's cell, and there were two or three men standing over the bed.

"Sinkin' spells. Doctors working with him," sententiously remarked the guard to the sergeant, pausing a moment in his regular tramp.

Every day after that the sergeant came to see Kaintuck, and every day Kaintuck's face grew more pinched, and his eyes larger and more pathetic. The doctor first wheedled, then grew angry and scolded Kaintuck. He would neither eat nor sleep. Sometimes he would take the food and medicine prescribed for him, and again he would not; but all the time he travelled steadily toward the grave. Occasionally he endured furious agonies of pain from his wounded jaw, which had suddenly grown violent again; and following that he would lie for hours completely free from pain, and apparently entirely at peace. But the poor sergeant was never at peace. A trouble, a shade, that took the form of an accusing spirit, walked with him all day, and lay down by his side at night. And if Mary should come! The sergeant's heart leaped up into his throat at the bare idea. Nevertheless he haunted the prison and Kaintuck's cell, even when he was not on duty. One afternoon, when Kaintuck had been feebler than usual, sitting by his bed, something like atonement seemed possible to the sergeant.

"Kaintuck," he said, "maybe you're troubled in your mind about that boy?"

"I ought to be, but I ain't," answered Kaintuck, who shared the delusion of his class that all humanity should be troubled of many things, and should cherish grief and coddle sorrow. "I say, sergeant, that 'ere little sheep-faced preacher has made me feel different about things. He sets there where you is settin', an' talks to me kinder manly. I 'ain't never been converted"—here he blushed—"but—but the chaplain he says 'tain't how we *feel* so much as how we do. He says God will take keer of the child, and his mother too, an', sergeant, I believe it."

The sergeant had a reverent, simple soul, and lifted his cap from his head as Kaintuck spoke God's name. "The chaplain's right," he said, putting his cap back; "and that there same little chaplain ain't any more afraid of rebel bullets than General Grant is himself. And I've been thinkin' I'll find that boy of yours, and I'll do a good part by him."

Kaintuck's eyes glistened. "You'll have an orphan asylum soon," he said, remembering that other boy the sergeant had told him he meant to provide for; at which the tall soldier felt his heart sink as with guilt and deception. Presently Kaintuck said:

"I think I'll go to sleep now, sergeant. What you said about lookin' out for the boy has made me feel a heap quieter. Just have an eye to him and his mother once in a while; an', sergeant, I want him to grow up a honest man; do you hear that?—a honest man."

The sergeant went out of the room and down the jail corridor. No prisoner within its walls felt more sad and dispirited than he. Down the wooden stairs he went, and out the door. At the steps outside was a little one-roomed frame building. In it at a table always sat a young officer, who examined the permits of the people who went in, and to whom the corporal of the guard reported. As the sergeant passed the open door of this little room he suddenly caught sight of a woman's figure clothed in black, standing by the table. The officer, contrary to his custom, had risen from his chair, and stood respectfully holding his smart gold-trimmed cap in his hand. The sergeant could not have moved to save his life. He heard the young woman's voice, as low and patient as Kaintuck's:

"I thought, sir, that he was dead. I wouldn't have forgot him or neglected him for anything. I came right away from home, 'way down in Jo Daviess County, as soon as I could."

"You will find him very much changed, madam," answered the young officer, as deferentially as if the poor young countrywoman was the general's wife. "He has been well attended to, as he was a quiet and well-behaved prisoner, and the doctors have worked faithfully with him."

"I know that, sir," she replied. "Your men was very good to me when I was alone, and my mother was dead, and I thought my husband was too, and I had nobody but my child. The colonel looked out for me, though I was nothing but a poor woman, and—some others—"

She stopped suddenly, and the color stole into her pallid cheeks, when, looking up, she saw the sergeant standing white and dazed-looking before her. She turned a brilliant red, and then, in an instant, the color dropped out of her face as the mercury drops down in the tube. The officer caught her and placed her in the chair from which he had risen.

"Mary," cried the sergeant, coming forward and taking her hand, "I didn't know it no more than you did. Don't look at me that way. Before God, I never would have deceived you. You know I 'ain't written you a line since I found this out less 'n a week ago."

The young officer clapped his cap on his head and ran out, closing the door after him. He saw how it was in a moment.

"Mary," said the sergeant again, after a pause, "don't you believe me?"

"Yes, I believe you," she answered, recovering herself a little and standing up. She looked so slight and pale in her black dress that the big sergeant's heart smote him with pity.

"But I don't think we can see each other any more. I ain't forgetful. The only thing for me and him to do is to get back to Jo Daviess County, and for me to tend and nurse him faithful. That's the only kind o' peace I look for now. It 'll be hard on you, but men gets over these things better than women."

"Do they?" cried the sergeant, roughly and fiercely. "Do they, I say? I'll get over mine by tryin' to get to the front all the time, and hopin' some rebel bullet 'll end everything. For a man who loves another man's wife has got no place on earth. He's in hell already." Her wide and frightened eyes caused the sergeant a pang of shame at his language and his violence. He hesitated a minute, and then said, hurriedly: "I ask your pardon. I ask your pardon for all. Good-by," and strode out of the little room.

But at the very door he came near running over the chaplain. The sergeant's strange looks made the chaplain seize him by the arm, and then the tall man saw that the little man too was agitated. His mouth was twitching, and he looked quite shaken and nervous.

"Do you know Kaintuck is dead?" he said. "It was rather sudden at the last. I have just come from his room. He was a good, simple-hearted fellow, full of love for his wife and child. He had very strange eyes. They retained their brightness to the last."

"For God's sake," cried the sergeant, "his wife's in there!"

The door opened and she came out. She had not heard anything, and she was about to pass them both, holding her head down patiently and deprecatingly. Something in the chaplain's face stopped her, though—and she recognized his clerical attire.

"If you please," she said, "I'm—I'm going to my husband."

The chaplain took her hand and led her inside the prison door, while the sergeant walked rapidly out of the jail-yard.

The widow with her child went back to Jo Daviess County. They would have fared hardly, but for some money that came every month addressed to the child. The widow took it very thankfully, for they were poor and plain people, and when the sergeant had told her that he had promised poor Kaintuck to look out for the boy, she thought quite naturally and simply that "looking out" meant wherewith to feed and clothe the child.

The sergeant did not turn up the next spring, but the spring after, he came to Jo Daviess County. He was a sergeant still, and wore his worsted chevrons with a pride as honest as a major-general wears his stars. The little widow was not so pale and disheartened as she had been. The sergeant told her that he had got good quarters for her, and the boy could go to the company school, and that a non-commissioned officer's wife had a good billet—to all of which the little woman agreed, and thought it a fine thing to be married to a great tall sergeant. And soon not only she and the sergeant quite forgot poor Kaintuck, but even the little boy grew up to think that the big kind sergeant was his only father.

Skawell Sydney.

MINERS' RIOTS.

Riots in the coal region are not new or strange occurrences. They are the natural outcome of the state of affairs for which the miners and the operators are jointly responsible. Wherever a condition of things exists such as aroused the working-men at Shenandoah, there will occur such scenes as are illustrated on another page. Ever since the Molly Maguires ruled the mountains in the Pennsylvania anthracite regions, there has been hostility between the employers and the employed.

Ten years ago the Molly Maguires were put down, and several of the ringleaders were hanged. The beginning of the trouble was due to the ordinary questions that arise between the employers and the employed, each party being desirous of getting as much as possible from the other, for there is not much spirit of accommodation in the coal regions, and not a large promise of the coming success of co-operation. The Molly Maguires were criminals, and the miners who have succeeded them are still looked upon with suspicion by those who own and manage the mines. The most important step taken to offset the strikers was the importation of Poles and Hungarians. The Poles had begun to come into the country before the Molly Maguires established their rule of terror. In 1872 and 1873 the number of Polish immigrants to the United States was more than 5000, but in 1877 only 320 came to this country. The next year there was a slight increase, and in 1881 the Poles who came here numbered 6283. This number was exceeded slightly in 1886. At the same time a great many Hungarians were induced to come to this country. In 1878 only 632 landed on our shores, but in 1880 the immigration reached 6668, while in 1886 it was 18,110. In this period a large number of Roumanians have been brought to the country.

The Poles are now beginning to take a share in the labor troubles. For a good while the new foreign element was peaceful and law-abiding. It was here to make money, and not to indulge in strikes and other labor agitations. It was thoroughly disliked and feared by the native and the Irish and Welsh miners, who had been at the bottom of the Molly Maguire crimes; but the Poles and Hungarians came, lived their cheap and filthy lives, and when a strike occurred in the region where they were employed, they moved to some other place and made additional trouble.

Their presence, however, has increased the feeling of hostility between the companies and the old miners, and the operators have further widened the breach by treating all the miners as suspects. The coal regions are wild places. The cities and villages are small, and no richer than similar places in the agricultural States. About the mouths of the mines are shabby and begrimed hamlets where the miners dwell. The police force of the neighborhood is inadequate for any but the usual purposes. They can protect property and the peace against the ordinary assaults of individuals, but they cannot suppress a great labor rising. The employers, assuming that there is always danger of such an uprising, have established a police of their own, known as the Coal and Iron Police. These men take the place of the watchmen who had charge of the corporate property in the early days, and who were murdered in such numbers by the Molly Maguires that it was evident some better means must be devised for guarding property. The breakers and other buildings at a coal-mine are so exposed and so remote from dwellings, even the houses of the miners being at a considerable distance from their work, that a solitary watchman may be easily murdered, and the perpetrator of the crime go unapprehended. The Coal and Iron Police are under the command of the companies. They constitute the force upon which the corporations depend, and they are a constant menace to the miners. If they are overpowered, the local police of the towns, and the sheriffs of the counties with their posses, might be of some temporary assistance, but, as a rule, these sympathize with the miners, and the next resort must be to the State militia. In the Pennsylvania coal regions the corporations are constantly under arms.

THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

I must be an eminent man, or people would not write me so many letters, tell me all their private affairs, ask for large loans without security, to be faithfully repaid in a few weeks, and beseech my interest for Charles and Mary, who are young and gifted, and need only an opportunity to astonish the world. Above all, they would not flood me with autograph albums, in which I am expected to write a quotation or "a characteristic sentiment." When this popularity was fresh, I used to take some pleasure in signing my name to honeyed phrases from the poets. I besought heaven to rain sweet odors on ladies I had never seen, and I assured gentlemen with whom I had not the slightest acquaintance that I wore them in my heart of hearts. The result was that the albums came in shoals by every post. Some of them were small, and got mislaid. Others were large, and demanded an impossible physical effort to return them. Many were without the names and addresses of the owners, and these, of course, were accompanied by notes, which I straightway lost, requesting the utmost promptitude of compliance. In a few days came indignant missives expressing surprise that any one calling himself a gentleman could treat with silent neglect a volume which contained the autographs of people so much more eminent than himself. Then there was a touch of sorrowful remonstrances. "Is it possible that you refuse to grant so simple a request from a delicate girl who has to spend the winter in Florida, far from her friends, and has nothing to console her but the signatures of the distinguished people she admires?" What earthly comfort there could be in my crabbed and illegible hand to an invalid in Florida I never could imagine. Then there was a pleasant intimation that some noted rival of mine had sent his autograph with alacrity, thus showing his intellectual and moral superiority to me. Worse than this was an encounter in a street-car with a lady who said, "I think you are the celebrated Mr. Fitzphosphorus." "Madam," I said, "you are mistaken." She gave me a freezing look, and next day I had a letter declaring that the writer knew at last why her book had not been returned, for a man who could lie so unblushingly would probably steal.

Up to this time I had borne these afflictions with exemplary meekness. I took it for granted that when a man is famous he becomes the lawful prey of people who think that as they have made his reputation, the least he can do for them is to sit signing autograph albums all day. The popular formula, levelled at him like a pistol, seemed to be something like this: "We buy your books, or your pictures, we pay to see you act, or hear you sing, or watch your gambols on the flying trapeze, therefore your eminence and your fortune are due to us, and we demand that you shall chain yourself to the autographic pen like the galley-slave to the oar. There is nothing in your handwriting that is essentially beautiful or virtuous, but it pleases us to have your sign-manual in our books as a proof of your bondage to those who made you." For a long time I accepted this decree as the penalty of success, but the lady of the street-car roused me to revolt. "It is my misfortune to be eminent," I said to myself, "but this persecution must end." At first I thought I would point out to my tormentor that a fib in a street-car is no worse than a taradiddle on a door-step, and that I was at least as justified in denying my identity to an autograph hunter as a footman is in blandly closing the door in an unwelcome caller's face, with the conventional "Not at home," though his mistress is writing tracts for the young upstairs. But I reflected that in such a case reasoning by analogy was waste of time. It was too late by several generations to appeal to the common-sense and fair play of the autograph tyrant. Not persuasion, but a blow, was needed; not reason, but retaliation. Then think of the inestimable boon I should confer on the whole race of distinguished persons by freeing them from this insufferable yoke of the mediocre and obscure! It was a noble cause, and I fairly glowed with the enthusiasm of the man who has discovered an entirely new field for the spirit of justice and self-sacrifice.

My resolution was taken, but how was it to be carried out? I debated various plans. I might make a practice of returning the albums without the expected autograph. It was pleasant to picture the disappointment and disgust of the despot as he opened his book and found a blank page. But that was not enough. I yearned for a more intense form of irritation. It was not a bad idea to announce in the newspaper that I would not be responsible for the return of albums, and that I intended to devote the postage-stamps sent with them to a fund for the benefit of some asylum for idiots. On consideration I rejected this project because it was too general. I wanted to strike a blow that would be felt individually rather than collectively, to bring home to every autograph fiend the sense of his special, personal iniquity. At last I had the happiest thought of all. Why not write scathing and contemptuous quotations in every book? Nobody could accuse me of deliberate libel, for I might say that the quotation was one of my favorite passages. For instance, if I wrote, "Yours with all good wishes, Hubert Fitzphosphorus," and underneath, "A halter gratis," the responsibility would be quite as much Shakespeare's as mine. Or if I addressed a lady thus, "May bloom and beauty rest with you always!" and added this pleasant ambiguity, "Let her paint an inch thick," I should sting without exposing myself to the charge of open outrage. The more I considered this idea, the more I chuckled. I was going to have a horrid revenge, and yet enjoy the security of inverted commas.

The great plan was put into execution without delay. I attacked a mountain of albums, and poured into the enemy a crushing fire of vicarious sarcasm and invective. The ranks of the inquisitors and persecutors reeled before me. I felt I was wiping out a hundred wrongs as I took a curse from Shakespeare and dropped it into a volume in which the autographs of many victims seemed to groan for vengeance. It was ecstasy to write, "These tedious old fools," in the book of a man who said he had been collecting valuable signatures for many years. I spared neither age nor sex. "Frailty, thy name is woman," was my contribution to the album of a lady who, as I afterward learned, was the pious founder of a church and two hospitals; and a friend described to me with much relish the sensation created in an ultra-Protestant family when the daughter of the house received from me the injunction, "Get thee to a nunnery."

I pursued the campaign with unabated ardor and enjoyment until one fatal day when an entirely unforeseen conjunction of events completely turned the tables. I had been visiting for some time at the house of a wealthy citizen whose fortune had been made either by his father or himself in a brewery. Mr. Tankerdale had retired from business long before I knew him, and the origin of his wealth was never mentioned in his household. He had a daughter who took much interest in my eminence, and whose attractions began to make me a frequent guest. She was a fine girl, with rather a high color, which she subdued with those subtle artifices so dear to the hearts of women. Ah, Helena, if you should ever read this confession you may be convinced at last that only a wretched mischance, and not a malignant purpose, made me appear before you as the slanderer of your charms!

I had dined with the Tankerdales one evening, and the conversation turned upon handwriting.

"Yours must be a pretty stiff hand for printers, Fitzphosphorus," said Tankerdale. "Rather suggests a spider with St. Vitus's dance. Now mine is a jolly round hand anybody can read at sight."

"As round as your balance at the bank," said Mr. Cudgell, who was a distant relative of the Tankerdales, not attracted by eminence as distinct from dollars.

"As round as your barrels at the brewery," said I, but not aloud.

"Papa doesn't think much about the character of handwriting," said Helena, sweetly. "To me, Mr. Fitzphosphorus, your hand is quite clear and full of meaning."

"That is because it writes the dictates of the heart," I said, tenderly, in her ear. Unfortunately the effect of this speech was to heighten her color, which was already rather strong. But, oh, Helena, I knew it was natural!

"When I was young," piped an old lady at the other end of the table, "girls used to write a lady-like hand, but now they try to scribble like men. I call it forward, I do. There's Helena, whose writing is that bold that it always makes me blush."

Everybody laughed, and Tankerdale said: "Aunt Jane still writes with a fine old gold pen she used thirty years ago. A modern nib is so broad that it shocks her."

"Do you find the autograph hunters very tiresome?" said Helena to me.

"They are pests," I answered. "If they had been numbered amongst the plagues of Egypt, Pharaoh would either have given in much sooner, or settled the Jewish question by wholesale massacre."

"Give me the autograph at the foot of a check!" murmured Cudgell, in his coffee-cup, with his eye on the host.

"When I was young," said Aunt Jane, "I once had a letter from Grimaldi, the famous clown, you know. Long before your time," added the old lady, looking at me. "Ay, clowns *were* clowns in those days!" She seemed to believe that I was Grimaldi's successor, and a very poor substitute.

"But I hope you don't think every one a pest who asks for you autograph," said Helena.

"By such a request from you, I should feel honored," said I. "But the general nuisance is so great that I am obliged to tell these people what I really think of them." And then I explained my glorious scheme for scarifying the autograph hunter, and emancipating my brothers in distinction and distress.

"Excellent!" said Cudgell; "but wouldn't it be rather awkward if you were to meet some of them, say at a table like this?"

"Mr. Fitzphosphorus knows his friends too well," said Helena.

"Don't be too sure of that," laughed her father. "If you had sent him an autograph album, you might have had a withering quotation like the rest."

At this a curious shiver of presentiment ran through me, and I looked inquiringly at Helena, who had a queerly mysterious expression in her eyes. But here the irrepressible old lady broke in again.

"When I was young," she quavered, "they used to write verses about me. My brother Charles picked up a piece of paper one morning, and said it was dropped by the man who swept the chimney. I remember two lines very well indeed—

> "'Queen of Beauty, while you sleep,
> Dream you of your chimney-sweep?'"

"Don't you know that I sent you my autograph album?" said Helena, suddenly.

My blood ran cold. "I have not received it," I gasped.

"It was some time ago," she said. "I had never asked for an autograph before, and I thought I would try the effect of the request on the only eminent man I know. I scarcely knew you at all, though, when I sent the album. And to make the onslaught all the more formidable, I sent a book for papa and another for Aunt Jane. But of course you have overlooked them."

I remembered with horror that only that very morning I had cleared off some arrears of albums in a great hurry and a very bad temper, that I had not examined the names of the senders, and had left them to be addressed and posted by somebody else.

Was it fancy, or did I hear the postman's knock? A few minutes later a servant entered with three books.

"Why, here they are!" cried Helena, gleefully.

"Now we shall see how Mr. Fitzphosphorus distinguishes his friends," said Cudgell, with a malicious smile. I never liked that man.

"Take some more claret and brace yourself up," said Tankerdale.

But I was far beyond the fortifying aid of claret. I saw Helena glance at one of the books, turn pale and then fiery red, look at the other albums, and then, with one indignant flash at me, rush from the room.

"Hallo!" said Cudgell, "you have been pitching it strong. This is Helena's quotation; 'God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another.' Here's a crusher for you, Tankerdale: 'How like a fawning publican he looks!'"

"By George, sir!" cried my host, bouncing out of his chair, "this is a deliberate insult!"

"And here is a sweet thing for Aunt Jane," continued Cudge, striking a dramatic attitude: "'Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.'"

The old lady was purple with fury. "Calls me a witch and an onion, does he?" she screamed. "When I was young, my brother Charles would have broken his head. Now there's no one to protect me—no one—though a vagabond out of a circus, a monster out of menagerie—"

Here she broke down and wept. My eminence has nothing to do either with a circus or a menagerie, but I did not dwell on that. I tried to convince them that I was the victim of a disastrous coincidence, but in vain. Helena refused to see me, and returned no answer to the many letters in which I swore by all the sacred symbols of Nature that I knew her complexion to be as real as the jewels of her mind.

I have abandoned my great plan. When I am asked for my autograph now, I give it with all my original weakness. If any one who reads this would like to have my signature, I shall be delighted to send it, and pay the postage myself. For somehow it seems to me that I am not so eminent as I was.

L. F. Austin.

MARGERY.

By JAMES BUCKHAM.

I.

When from the dewy pastures of the night,
Like early-waking flocks, the stars arise,
And vanish, one by one, in bright'ning skies,
As forth they pasture toward the rosy light,
Oh, then I love to walk, and think of thee
Sweet Margery!

II.

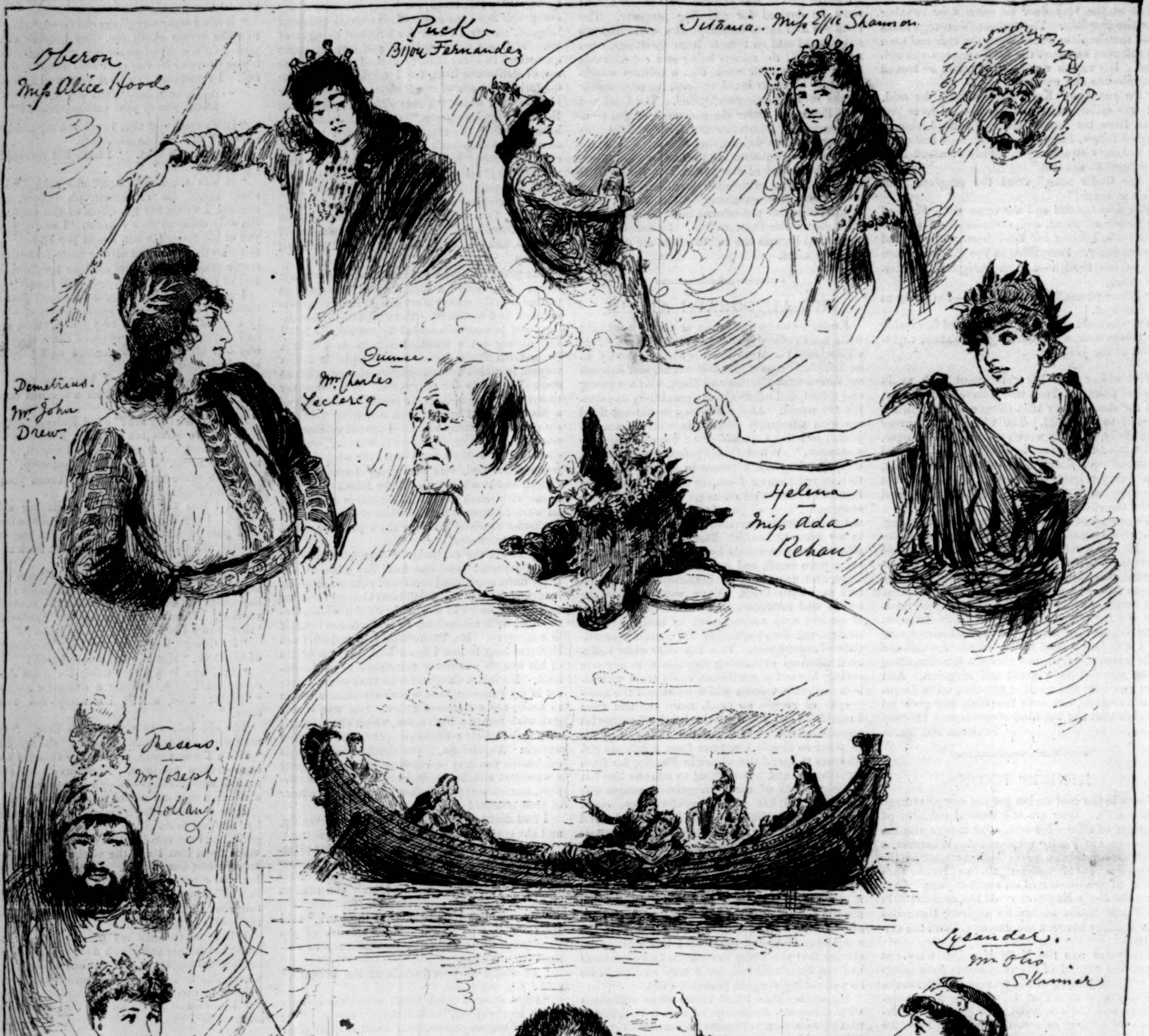
Had I the liquid tongues of soaring larks,
Or e'en a thrush's soft and sober flute,
I'd join the birds that Phœbus bright salute,
And hymn my Love, who at her lattice barks.
She is the sun that brightest shines, to me—
My Margery!

III.

Oh, when shall timid tongue of mine make bold
To plead the love that sweetens every thought?
So sure am I she doth disdain me not,
'Tis passing strange my passion ne'er was told.
Yet am I dumb when the rare face I see
Of Margery.

IV.

This day, if courage fail not, I will go,
And at her feet my heart's libation pour,
Then with fast kisses stop the rosy door,
Until she doth despair to say me no.
Then shall she blush, consent, and ever be
My Margery!


Oberon
Miſs Alice Hood
Puck
Bijou Fernandez
Titania. Miſs Effie Shannon
Demetrius.
Mr. John
Drew.
Quince.
Mr. Charles
Leclercq
Helena
Miſs Ada
Rehan
Theseus.
Mr. Joseph
Holland
Lysander.
Mr. Otis
Skinner
Hermia.
Miſs Virginia Dreher
Philostrate
Mr. Eugene
Ormond
Bottom
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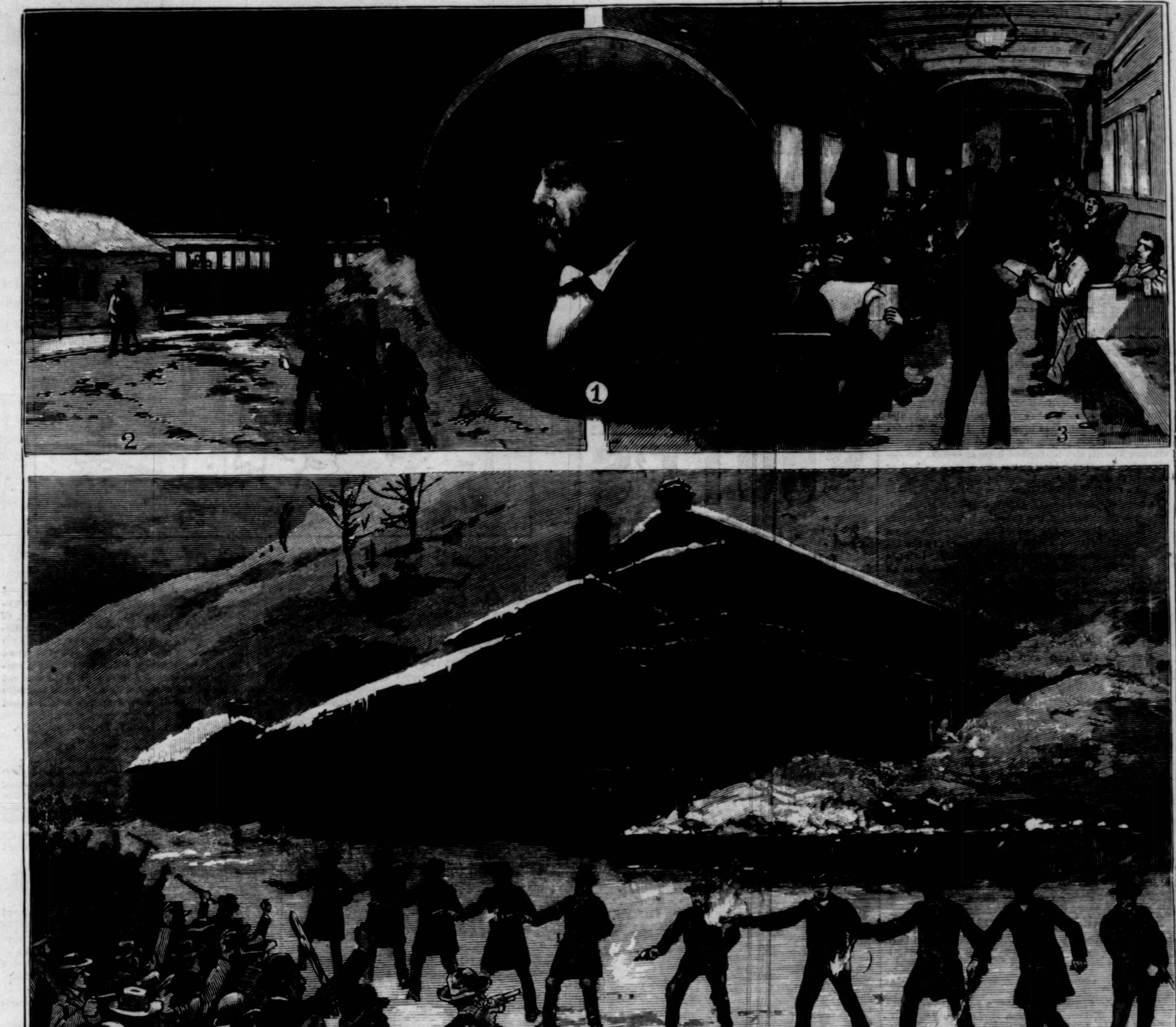
Hippolyta.
Miſs Phoebe
Russell.
Barnard
NY. 88

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AS PRODUCED AT DALY'S THEATRE.—DRAWN BY FREDERICK BARNARD.—[SEE PAGE 115.]



THE MINERS' RIOTS AT SHENANDOAH, PENNSYLVANIA.—From Sketches by Hal Hurst.—[See Page 119.]

1. Captain Christian, of the Coal and Iron Police. 2. Cars in which the Police are lodged. 3. Inside the Police Car. 4. The Police firing on the Crowd at Kehley Run Colliery. 5. On Guard outside the Police Quarters. 6. Line Lane, the Scene of the recent Riots.

THE MOUNTAIN'S SONG.

I AM a mountain high and great,
  That storms assault in vain;
For centuries in rugged state
  I've brooded on the plain.

I wear a mantle made of trees
  And dashed with silver streams;
I note far-distant shining seas
  And cities in my dreams.

Unmoved I watch the rumbling world,
  With all its rumbling woes,
And thunder-bolts against me hurled
  But lull me to repose.

Though skies may smile or skies may frown
  Through ages passing fleet,
My forehead wears a golden crown,
  And flowers robe my feet.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

TWO WAYS. CHOOSE WHICH?

THERE are two usual ways of doing what Nature sometimes does incompletely, namely, to relieve the bowels. One is to swallow a drastic purgative which evacuates profusely, abruptly, and with pain; the other is to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the effect of which is not violent, but sufficiently thorough, and which does not gripe the intestines. If the first is selected, the person employing it need not expect permanent benefit, and he cannot hope to escape the debilitating reaction which leaves the organs as bad or worse off than before. If, on the other hand, he resorts to the Bitters, he can rely upon the restoration of a regular habit of body, consequent upon a renewal of a healthful tone in the intestinal canal. Besides healthfully relaxing the bowels, the Bitters arouses a dormant liver, imparts a beneficial impetus to the action of the kidneys, and counteracts the early twinges of rheumatism, a tendency to gout, and malaria in all its forms.—[*Adv.*]

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FAST TRAINS DAILY, SAVING FIVE HOURS BETWEEN CHICAGO AND COUNCIL BLUFFS AND KANSAS CITY.

"The Great Rock Island Route." Quick time schedule. Its "Council Bluffs and Pacific Limited," leaving Chicago at 7.30 P.M., arrives in Council Bluffs at 11.30 A.M., next day. This splendid train includes dining cars and Pullman Palace Sleepers; berths at reduced rates. Its "Kansas City and Pacific Limited" leaves at 5.00 P.M., arriving in Kansas City at 9.05 A.M., next day. Elegant dining cars, reclining-chair cars (seats free), and Pullman Palace Sleepers; berths at reduced rates. Only 16 hours to and from Council Bluffs or Kansas City. At both points close connections (in Union Depots) with corresponding fast trains to Los Angeles, Denver, Portland, Ore., and San Francisco. Round trip California excursions daily over the Rock Island and connecting lines. Tickets at bed-rock prices.—[*Adv.*]

FOR COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

THE most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are ANGOSTURA BITTERS, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.—[*Adv.*]

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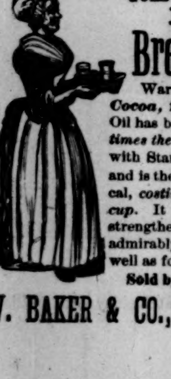

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The latest patterns and colorings in new and choice shades.

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A Remedy for Consumption.
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In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

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SAUCE
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GRAVIES,
FISH,
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ELASTIC SUSPENDER WITHOUT RUBBER
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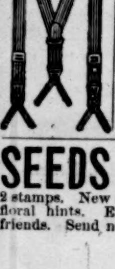

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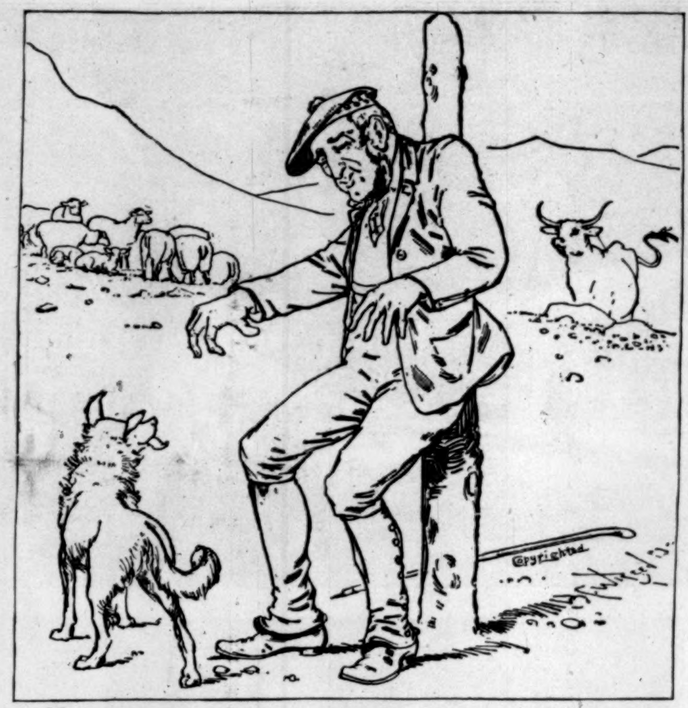

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The most distressing forms of itching and inflammatory diseases of the skin and scalp are instantly relieved and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all others fail.

CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age.

I have been cured of a most unbearable itching skin disease by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They have enabled me to escape years of suffering. You may use my name as a reference, and any one who wants to know about my case may write me, enclosing stamp. W. B. BROOKS,
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I am a canvasser, and one year ago I was badly afflicted with salt rheum, so that I was unable to walk. I tried the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and they entirely cured me. F. E. PERRY, Rome, N. Y.

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Two years ago I was attacked with eczema. I cannot tell you what I suffered. I was the most forlorn spectacle you ever saw. Charles Kennedy, of this place, showed me your pamphlet on skin diseases, and among them I found the description suitable to my case. I bought the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I took seven bottles, with the CUTICURA and SOAP, and the result is a permanent cure. I thought I would wait and see if it would come back, but it has proved all you said it would do, so I will say God bless you and yours.
THOS. L. GRAY, Leavertown, Ohio.

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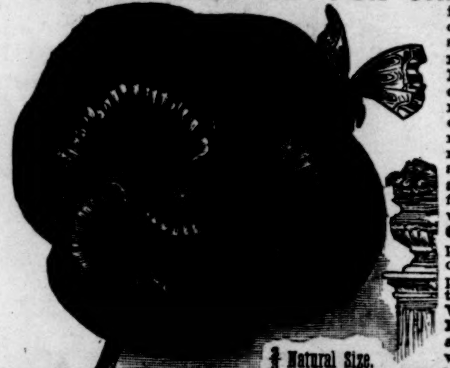
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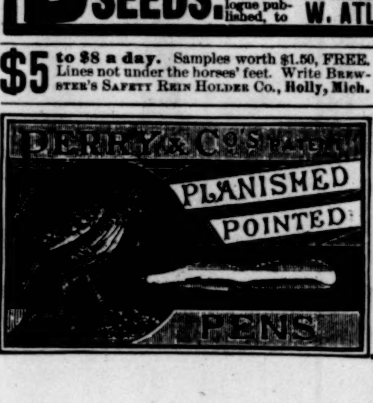

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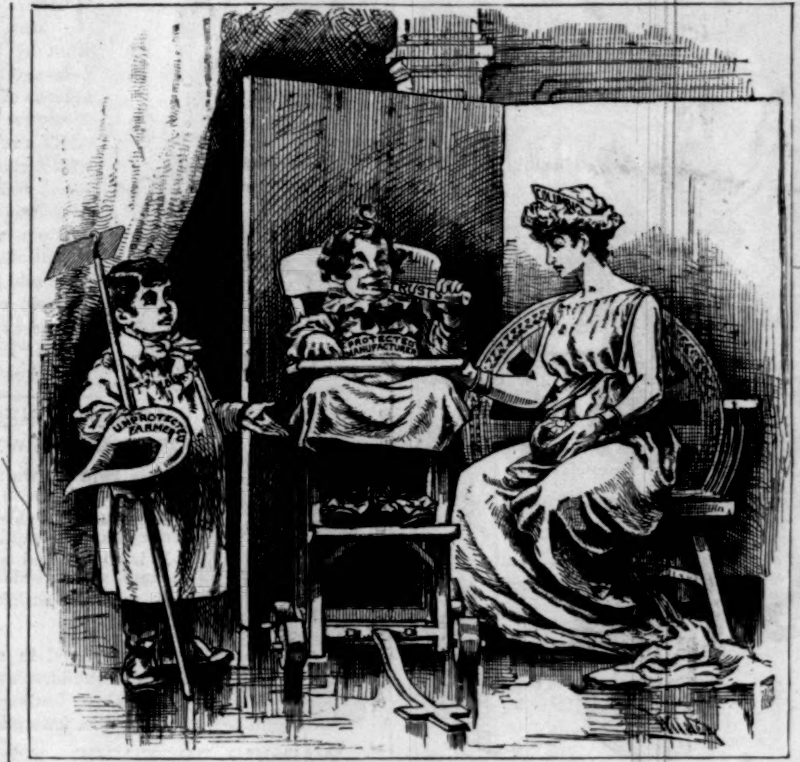

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